

February 8, 1936

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WEEKLY ★

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PUBLISHERS OF — THE COUNTRY HOME
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE — COLLIER'S
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



Without Orders
a short story
By Peter B. Kyne

Probable Alf Landon **By Walter Davenport**

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Forecast for tonight: bright and warmer

LET the February wind bluster. Let it rub its icy fingers over your window pane. Inside, you can make the weather bright and warmer—with a cheering drink made with *Four Roses!*

As you sip, its goodness will comfort and relax you right down to the tips of your toes. Though it's still February outside the window, it's June as far as you're concerned.

But remember this—don't try to make a *good* toddy or any other drink with ordinary whiskey.

Use Four Roses—and get the finest drink you ever tasted.

For Four Roses is as soft and mellow as moonlight on snow. The whiskies that go into it (and nothing *but* whiskey goes into Four Roses) are all made in the costly, old-fashioned way, from superior seasoned grain, and with limestone spring water. Then these whiskies are blended together in a way that brings out the best qualities of each. The result is

Four Roses—a whiskey that's rich . . . that's fragrant . . . that's full-bodied . . . *that is America's finest whiskey.*

Send 10¢ in stamps for your copy of "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book," the greatest recipe book ever written.

Frankfort Distilleries, Louisville and Baltimore, also make Paul Jones, Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore—all blends of straight whiskies.

FOUR ROSES WHISKEY

A blend of straight whiskies—and that means all whiskey

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Clinical experiments on actual people show value of antiseptic treatment in controlling colds

If you or any member of your family is troubled with colds read the following carefully. It suggests a remedy that may help you as it has helped others.

In the winters of 1930-31, 1931-32, and 1934, medical supervisors selected large numbers of people and divided them into two groups. One group gargled with Listerine. The other group did not. At the end of each winter, the number of colds contracted by each group was compared. This comforting result was noted:

Fewer Colds and Sore Throat

In a majority of the tests those who gargled



did catch cold, their colds were milder in character and of shorter duration than colds of non-users. And note this: Users of Listerine had fewer cases of sore throats.

Listerine kills germs in throat

Why such gratifying results? Here is the answer: Germs associated with colds and

Listerine twice a day or oftener caught fewer colds than non-garglers.

When Listerine users *did* catch cold, their colds were milder in character and of shorter duration than colds of non-users. And note this: Users of Listerine had fewer cases of sore throats.

sore throat are killed by millions when Listerine is used as a gargle. Nature is given a helping hand in resisting germ invasion.

Think of what the last cold you had cost you, in discomfort, inconvenience, and dollars and cents; then ask yourself if the twice-a-day Listerine treatment isn't worth trying. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE
for the quick relief of Sore Throat



Next Week

THERE are various ways of getting started in business. Easy-Going Ed never had to make a choice. He was washed into town on the ridge-pole of a grocery store (owner unknown) and immediately started distributing supplies. It was almost too easy, at least that's what Chris thought. No man worthy of the name ought to be content to drift with the current, putting his trust in the river and accepting whatever it brought him.

Easy-Going Ed didn't agree. The river had done well by him; he'd go on trusting it. Richard Matthews Hallet shows you "The River's Gift" to Ed—a wife.

IN THE days when young Guglielmo Marconi was experimenting with copper dishpans and talking about sending messages through the air, he was generally regarded in his native Italy as a very crazy fellow indeed. No one took him seriously. England did, though. England was interested in international communications and felt she couldn't afford to miss any bets. Thanks to just such daring speculation, she is now the world's foremost messenger boy—so prominent, in fact, as to have cramped our style on more than one occasion. The romance of transoceanic communications is told by Owen P. White.

LOTS of people say they're "Only Too Glad" to do a favor. The thing about Brockney Watson was he meant it. No matter what the time, cost or trouble involved. Coralie got pretty tired of his obligingness, especially when it cost her her job. This, however, does not prevent things from turning out most satisfactorily in Frank Leon Smith's bright love story.

"COME and Bring Your Recipe" is an invitation that has been known to result in some very good parties. There are more good amateur cooks around and about than you might guess. Give them a chance to shine. Selma Robinson tells you how.

EVERYONE, we think, will agree that James Lee, our hard-working Chinese-American detective, deserves a vacation. He decided to take one, too; but there are some people whose work follows them. This time Mr. Lee unravels a very neat murder to which there were "No Witnesses." The story is by Hugh Wiley.

T. R. YBARRA contributes a picture of tense days in war-threatened Malta. In addition there will be features by Quentin Reynolds, Laurie York Erskine, W. B. Courtney, George Creel, Bernard DeVoto and others. Thinking only of you.

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February 8, 1936

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Any Week

FIRST thing we have to do this morning is decline an invitation to become a Fascist. It comes from Chicago and sounds crushingly military. The officers are very brass-hat—Generals, Colonels, Majors and Captains. Commander-in-Chief J. F. DeVillard, who bids us welcome, also gives us our first assignment. "Eleven million of our members," writes he, "would like to know from you what religion Senator Borah follows." Which we regard as highly complimentary. Eleven million Fascists come to a dead halt while we telephone the senator and ask him what church he belongs to! And that done, eleven million and one of us could march on Washington armed with castor oil and megaphones, "anti-Communist and non-Dictatorial." But there would be rewards. There would be "immediate employment of everybody at union wages and a hundred dollars a month pension to all at the age of fifty-five."

BUT we're much too busy at the moment. Besides, we just can't seem to work up any interest in Senator Borah's religion. Therefore, those eleven million patriots will have to look it up for themselves. Eleven million minds concentrating on a simple thing like that ought to make short work of it. And Mrs. E. Tolchius of La Jolla, California, would consider herself slighted. Mrs. Tolchius demands that we demand of every anti-Townsend Planner, "Who comes first, God or Wall Street?" We simply haven't time. "God says," writes Mrs. Tolchius, "that we must honor our fathers and mothers, which is the Townsend Plan. We demand that you take your stand either for your mother and father or for their enemies. This is a warning."



SOMEHOW we derive much more satisfaction from this one from Mr. J. J. Inglehart of Manchester, New Hampshire. Mr. Inglehart says he is "a young seventy" and thinks that a man doesn't begin to enjoy life until he's "at least sixty because a man doesn't understand what it's all about until he has stepped out of the parade and taken a spectator's seat. Not until you're my age," goes on Mr. Inglehart, "will you have any idea how comical it is to watch young people running around trying to do things they don't understand."

AND, according to Mrs. E. Caladet of Lincoln, Nebraska, all of us are wrong. Neither Mr. Roosevelt nor his Republican opponent will win. The next President, says Mrs. Caladet, will be the Honorable Gifford Pinchot, once governor of her native state of Pennsylvania. "We will elect Mr. Pinchot on the Townsend Plan and Dry ticket, abolish poverty and the grogshop and restore America to true-blue Americans. I happen to know that Mr. Pinchot is for the Townsend Plan and we all know his great heart is dry. He will take the money now spent on beer and whisky and give it to whom it belongs—the mothers and fathers of his country."



WE HOPE, later on, to report on the earliest results of Connecticut's new marriage law. It requires every applicant for a marriage license to submit first to a blood test. Mr. Ray Boden of Watertown dropped in to explain. "Too many idiots in Connecticut," said Mr. Boden. "We were becoming alarmed. So the legislature bravely and with a magnificent unselfishness decided that enough was enough and passed the blood-test law. Of course we can't do much without the cooperation of our neighbor states. We can skip over to New York or up into Massachusetts and get married without a blood test. This leaves us free to come back and be idiots at home. Anyway, we're doing our part."

BUT it is our conviction that there's not much you can do about a fellow if he insists upon being a bit screwy. Besides, interference of that sort cuts into one's personal liberty, a right we've always stood for with some firmness. Where might we be, for example, if a law advocated by Mrs. Mary Emma Talger of Minneapolis, Minnesota, were enacted? Mrs. Talger would force every editor to submit to a "test for sanity, patriotism and progress and make it punishable for any editor to accept anything written by a writer who did not have a certificate of loyalty to the best interests of the people at large." But isn't there enough controversy in the land now? Let Mrs. Talger have her way and some dyspeptic editor who'd passed the test would start advocating a reader test.

PROVE ability to read, for example.



Sentenced to 3 Years' Hard Wear

THE JOB OF THIS MAN and machine is to test the quality of fabrics that are used in new Plymouth cars. The machine is used to give samples of fabrics, in a couple of days, the equivalent of three years' hard wear.

A piece of fabric is stretched tight between the arms of this testing machine. Then the arms shoot back and forth in opposing directions...flexing the cloth strenuously cornerwise...thousands of times an hour. And keep it up until the fabric proves it can stand up and endure the punishment of many years' hard wear.

Visitors to Plymouth's great half-mile-long main

plant in Detroit express their amazement in seeing the number and variety of painstaking tests and extra-careful inspections that safeguard Plymouth quality.

Everything that goes into a Plymouth car is checked and double-checked...all along the line.

This is why you find Plymouth cars in such good condition...still reliable, still *satisfying*...after long and honorable service. Owners have proved—and the public knows—that, inside and out, down to the last small detail, a Plymouth is built to *stand up*! Plymouth economy really *lasts*!

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Ask for the New
Official Chrysler Motors
Commercial Credit Company

6% TIME PAYMENT
PLAN

You can figure it out for yourself.

- 1 Start with your unpaid balance.
- 2 *Then add insurance cost.
- 3 Then multiply by 6%—for a 12 months' plan. One-half of one per cent per month for periods more or less than 12 months.

*In some states a small legal documentary fee is required.

NO OTHER CHARGES

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

 CARTAGENA . . . VALENCIA . . . RIOBAMBA . . . names as melodious as the music they send winging Northward. Mere dots on the map a few years ago . . . now familiar, friendly cities . . . to which thousands tune regularly for the pulsating rhythms of Latin-American orchestras. Mounting interest in the romantic music of our Southern neighbors is already reflected on our networks. Jose Manzanares and his South Americans join such exponents of tango and rhumba as Xavier Cugat and Enric Madriguera. Surrender to the fascination of their lilting melodies . . . as Philco brings them from a nearby station. Then . . . Southward across the Caribbean . . . to hear an orchestra in Venezuela! Next year when they're the hit of New York you will remember the night Philco brought them so clearly from Caracas. The same night . . . perhaps . . . on which you heard a Presidential candidate speak from Omaha . . . the Seattle Symphony . . . the day's events in the Winter Olympics from Germany!



The most important step forward in radio this year—the Philco *built-in* Aerial-Tuning System, which *automatically* tunes the aerial as you tune the set. It is a Philco discovery that doubles the number of foreign stations you can get and enjoy. It's *built-in* . . . not an accessory . . . not an extra . . . not even in price. *And only Philco has it!*

See your classified telephone directory for your nearest dealer and have a demonstration. Philcos are available on the Philco Commercial Credit Time Payment Plan.

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PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO
SPECIFY A PHILCO FOR YOUR AUTOMOBILE

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

FORTY-THREE MODELS \$20 TO \$600

THE NEW PHILCO 116X

A true High-Fidelity instrument bringing you the overtones that identify and distinguish the many and varied musical instruments. Exclusive Acoustic Clarifiers prevent "boom". The famous Inclined Sounding Board projects every note up to your ear level. Five wave bands bring you every broadcast service in the air . . . Foreign, American, Police, Weather, Aircraft, Ship, Amateur. Complete with exclusive, automatic *built-in* Aerial-Tuning System . . . \$180

Without Orders

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Wad Madison was a marvelous flyer. But they fired him. What happened then makes one of the most dramatic aviation stories ever written—which surprised everyone, except one girl

WAD MADISON brought the transport from Salt Lake City in on the field at Portland, Oregon, taxied to the passenger chute, turned the wheel over to the second pilot and entered the administration building to register in and make out his trip report. Bill Calkins, in charge of operations on an eight-hour shift, came into the pilots' room and tossed a telegram on the table in front of Madison.

"How come you're forty minutes late?" he demanded, with a faint touch of the arrogance which sometimes tinctures the natures of those upon whom devolve responsibilities slightly too heavy for their mental calibers.

Wad Madison, unimpressed, did not look up. "When I have turned in my report to you, Bill," he answered carelessly, "you will find the information you seek embodied in same. Duplication of labor is infallible evidence of gross inefficiency."

Bill Calkins not infrequently got on the Madison nerves and Wad was never averse to putting him in his place. He completed his trip report, made a final entry in his log and handed both to Bill Calkins. Then he opened the telegram. It was from the president of Amalgamated Air Lines and ran as follows:

EFFECTIVE THIS DATE AND IMMEDIATELY UPON COMPLETION OF TRIP THREE YOUR SERVICES AS A PILOT WILL BE REQUIRED NO LONGER BY THIS COMPANY STOP UPON APPLICATION TO LOCAL TRAFFIC MANAGER TRANSPORTATION WILL BE GIVEN YOU TO ANY POINT REACHED BY THE LINES OF THIS COMPANY STOP IN THE OPINION OF THE UNDERSIGNED YOU HAVE NEEDED A VACATION FOR SEVERAL YEARS

Wad Madison read this disconcerting telegram three times; after which he handed it to Bill Calkins.

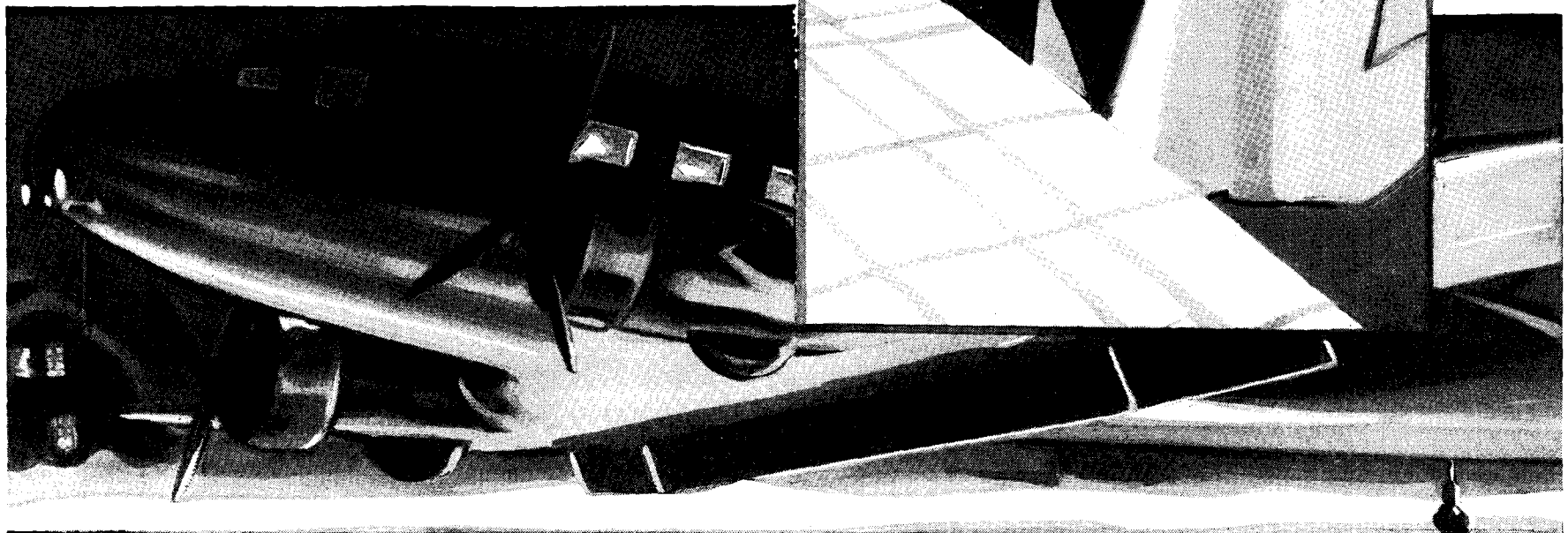
"Better take this up with the operations manager in San Francisco, Bill," he suggested. "He'll have time to put a pilot aboard the 10:30 out of San Francisco Airport tonight, to take my ship back to Salt Lake. A schedule is a schedule and the air mail waits not for time, tide or man."

Aside from his occasional little touch of arrogance, Bill Calkins was reasonably human. He was horrified now and did not try to hide it.

"This," he said, "is a rotten shame. It's lunatic business. You're the second oldest pilot in Amalgamated, and, if anybody should ask me, far and away the best."

"I'm thirty-five years old, Bill. Per-

He congratulated himself for resisting the temptation to propose



haps the Chicago office has reached the conclusion that thirty-five is old enough for a transport pilot." He sighed. "Bill, I was flying in France with the Canadians when I was seventeen; I've barnstormed and wing-walked and been a stunt man for the movies; I've flown every route on the Amalgamated Lines for four years and have never had an accident or a row with employee or passenger. And today for the first time I was really late. Ah, well, they can't give me a bad-conduct discharge. My experience is all down in the records. To hell with them. Some other line will be glad to have me."

"I hope so," said Bill Calkins dubiously.

Wad Madison caught that dubious note and nodded grimly. "I'll probably be grounded for a long time, Bill. Despite a man's excellent record, once he has been fired without an explanation, companies are apt to figure that there's a rotten streak concealed in him somewhere."

He squared around to the table, drew a pad of telegraph blanks toward him and wrote:

J P COMPTON ESQ
PRESIDENT AMALGAMATED AIR LINES
NORTH AMERICAN BUILDING
CHICAGO ILL

DEAR MR COMPTON STOP I ACKNOWLEDGE RECEIPT YOUR TELEGRAM EVEN DATE DISMISSING ME STOP A VACANCY IN LIST OF PILOTS ALWAYS JOYOUS NEWS TO SECOND PILOTS STOP TIM CASEY WHO HAS BEEN MY SECOND PILOT TWO YEARS HAS IN HIM THE MAKINGS OF A CRACKERJACK STOP HE HAS TWO THOUSAND HOURS IN THE AIR AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE COMPANY WILL BE SERVED BY GIVING HIM THE PROMOTION HE MERITS STOP ALTHOUGH YOU HAVE FIRED ME I THINK YOU WILL ADMIT THAT I HAVE FORGOTTEN MORE ABOUT WHAT IT REQUIRES TO MAKE A GOOD PILOT THAN YOU WILL EVER KNOW STOP THANKS FOR THE OFFER OF FREE TRANSPORTATION TO WHEREVER I PLAN TO LIGHT BUT YOU CAN NOT QUIET MY SENSE OF OUTRAGE AND INJUSTICE BY DEADHEADING ME ANYWHERE

WADSWORTH MADISON

He stepped out across the lobby to the telegraph office and filed the message. Then he went out and said goodbye to Tim Casey, still waiting with the transport at the passenger entrance, after

which he picked up a taxi in front and went uptown to the little, cheap, single apartment he occupied on the nights he laid over in Portland. He had a similar apartment in Salt Lake City and loathed them both, for of late he had made the discovery that he was getting to be a lonely man.

"A man thirty-five years old should have a home," he often soliloquized, "even if he only occupies it three nights a week. And he should have a loving wife, even if his method of making a living isn't quite fair to her because it keeps her constantly worried. Yes, sir, if I'm ever to have a real home and a wife and children it's time I did something about it."

THIS early afternoon he definitely put that bright day-dream behind him, as is so often the habit of strong and generous men who suddenly find themselves denied the right to earn a living at the only trade they know. He told himself, too, that he would have to put Maisie Armstrong out of his head now and congratulate himself that he had resisted the temptation to propose marriage to her only three nights ago, when she had him and Tim Casey up to her little apartment for dinner. She had sent Tim down to the corner grocery for cream and Wad had had ample opportunity to pop the question. And he would have popped it, too, had not something told him that Maisie had a suspicion he planned to pop it and hoped he wouldn't, for certainly he had never heard a girl change conversational topics as fast and as often as Maisie had. Wherefore, he had decided to await a more propitious moment.

Ah, what a sweet thing she was, that Maisie. Loveliest and most intelligent stewardess on the Amalgamated Air Lines... he had always believed she was fond of him while she was stewardess on his ship; then some chucklehead had made a shift and for four months now she had been riding with Len Kendrick, who was twenty-six and blonde and curly-headed and blue-eyed and downright handsome, if one didn't object to the cleft in his chin—like the man in the collar advertisement. The kid had a way about him—an easy, insouciant way with women. All the stewardesses were quite wild about him; Wad was of the opinion that not less than a dozen of them had been firmly convinced that

each was the favored one—until Maisie Armstrong appeared on the scene.

After that Len Kendrick had devoted himself, in his off hours, solely to Maisie. Strange about girls (Wad thought). Apparently they never looked for character in a man. Len Kendrick was pleasing enough insofar as personality went, but Wad had a suspicion he was spoiled and selfish and not any quicker on the up-take than he might have been. Often he wondered what Len Kendrick would do in a tight spot. Kendrick had flown six months with him as second pilot and Wad had never wholly trusted him.

Wad shaved and bathed and laid his uniform away—forever. He lighted a cigarette and lay down on his bed to do some profound thinking anent his future—and presently, despite his great mental distress, he fell asleep. When he awakened it was five o'clock and he was hungry.

Now, in common with most men, Wad Madison had a repugnance to eating dinner alone. A mighty good friend of his, a fellow pilot for the Amalgamated, Sam Cressy, was due at the airport from Salt Lake City on Trip Four at six o'clock. So Wad decided to take a taxi out to the airport, kidnap Sam when the latter's ship came in, and take him to dinner.

At the airport he dropped into the operations office and said to Bill Calkins, "Any news from Sam Cressy?"

Calkins raised a troubled face. "I'm afraid he's lost, Wad. He hasn't been heard from since he took off from Boise, Idaho, and that was an hour and a half

ago. I can't raise him on the radio-telephone."

"Hum-m-m! How's the weather over that way?"

"High northwest wind, weather clear."

"I ran into that same wind on my trip." He sat down. "Guess I'll stick around until I learn what's happened to the old walloper. I imagine he ran into snow."

AT SIX o'clock the operations manager at the airport at Medford, Oregon, telephoned that Sam Cressy had just come in. He'd been lost in a blizzard after leaving Boise and a gale he couldn't buck had caused him to turn, swing in a great circle and head for Medford. He'd had a devil of a time until by God's grace he had slipped out of the snow area and caught a glimpse of country familiar to him. He was gassing and oiling at Medford and would come on to Portland.

"Tell him to fly at three thousand feet," Wad informed Calkins. "This far west and at that altitude he'll be out of the storm area to a very great extent. Anyhow, that's what I discovered this afternoon. At that he'll be pretty late getting in. Who's flying Trip Five out of Salt Lake tonight?"

"Len Kendrick."

"What!"

"Why the surprise, Wad?"

"When I'm president of this company, Bill, I'll fire you for not knowing why. Normally we fly at twelve thousand feet on that route, because it's over a lot of

"Here she is now," he said.
"Just bringing me the last
cup of hot coffee in stock"





mountainous country and we find air pockets over such terrain. Fly high and you miss a lot of air pockets. Also, due to the rarefied atmosphere at that altitude we make faster time. I doubt if Salt Lake knew what the weather was over northwestern Idaho when Kendrick took off; I doubt if Boise knows it now, unless they've heard from Sam Cressy, because Boise didn't know it when I took off that field this forenoon. Everything was fine and dandy until I made my altitude; then I discovered that, while my air-speed indicator showed I was doing a hundred and seventy, my own eyes showed that I wasn't making any speed over the ground! I was lucky, Bill. I was flying in daylight and had good visibility. I shot up to sixteen thousand but still I got nowhere, so I dropped to sixty-five hundred, got out of that gale area and arrived here only forty minutes late.

"Naturally, I reported by radiophone to Boise exactly what I had encountered. I knew Sam Cressy was following me on the next trip out of Salt Lake City, so I told operations there to tell Sam to fly as low as he could. I daresay they told him, but after leaving Boise—probably when he was somewhere up near Weiser, he ran into snow, lost his visibility and promptly climbed to eight thousand to give himself plenty of room to clear the peaks ahead of him. Evidently at that altitude he ran into that northwest gale, but, lacking any visibility, he didn't know it. But Sam's smart. He wouldn't have to wait until his gas was gone to realize he was lost. He was afraid to come down, he knew what to expect if he went up, so he turned and flew with the gale until he was out of the snow area, when he dropped down out of the gale, made a wide swing and came in at Medford, Oregon. And you can bet your last dollar he didn't have much gas in his tanks."

"THAT appears to be good reasoning, Wad."

"Good reasoning? It's perfect reasoning." Wad looked at his watch. "Unless Kendrick has been delayed by dirty weather east of Boise, he should have taken off from Boise ten minutes ago. There's a bare chance I may catch him in Boise and warn him," and he took up the radiophone.

"In view of the fact that you are no longer connected with this company, Wad, I'll talk to Boise and give the necessary instructions, only I'll call it advice." Bill Calkins, like all small souls, was jealous of his job. He was getting arrogant again.

"You'll keep your nose out of this, my son. This is a pilot's job, no matter what the company rules may say. Kendrick must have special instructions from one who knows and knows why he knows. It'll be murder to permit him to try to go through tonight. He should go back to Boise and sit down."

He called the Boise office. "Wad Madison speaking from the Portland office," he announced. "Have you heard the sad tale about Sam Cressy?"

"Yes," the operations officer replied. "Just a minute ago."

"Where's young Kendrick on Trip Five?"

"Took off for Portland ten minutes ago."

"Then he didn't know about that blizzard farther west?"

"No, how could he? Nobody had reported it and the weather was nice and clear when he took off. If it looked like snow off to the west we wouldn't know that—after dark."

"Quite true. Well, I'll call him and put him wise. He'll have to come back to Boise and sit down."

"I'll get in touch with him. It's my job. How would you like to have some other pilot tell you what to do? Ken-

drick's action must be governed according to conditions as he finds them. He's in command of that ship and it's up to him to use his own judgment or call in and ask for instructions."

"You darned fool, I wouldn't be gross enough to give the man orders. I'd tell him what happened to me and to Sam Cressy and give him a little friendly advice. Pilots do that to each other; they think more of advice from a fellow-pilot than they do from the ground personnel. However, have it your own way. I was merely trying to help. Probably you'll realize how badly I want to help when I tell you I was fired from Amalgamated when I finished my trip today. Do me the favor to call me on the telephone after you've gotten in touch with Kendrick and told him the news I've given you."

HE HUNG up and sat gazing rather bleakly at Bill Calkins. "A foolish consistency," he quoted, "is the hobgoblin of little minds. Well, Bill, I'll not butt in on your job any more than I can help. Try to get Kendrick on the radiophone."

"That," said Bill Calkins, "is a job for Boise. They just told you so."

"You're a three-ply, nickel-plated ass." Wad helped himself to the radiophone and commenced calling:

"Amalgamated, Portland, calling Kendrick, Trip Five."

Over and over he repeated the call but Kendrick did not answer. Wad Madison cursed bitterly. "That comes of the fool's habit of hanging his ear-phones on the instrument board until he's ready to make his scheduled report."

He waited five minutes and called the Boise office again on the long distance telephone. "Madison, Portland office, again. Did you reach Kendrick?"

"No. He should have reported over Garberville, but he didn't. However, I'm sure he'll report in when he's over Squaw Creek."

"Aren't you the optimist! Has it occurred to you that perhaps the reason why he didn't report in when he was over Garberville might be because he couldn't see Garberville and is waiting until he does?"

Wad hung up and waited ten minutes, then telephoned again to the Boise office. Still Kendrick had not reported in. Wad turned a worried face toward the operations man. "This is getting serious," he said.

BILL CALKINS was one who believed that which he wished to believe. "Give him time, give him time," he urged. "We'll raise him all right. Don't be borrowing trouble."

"Man, I do not have to borrow it. I can see it as in a glass darkly. I can figure out exactly what has happened. That blizzard area has been spreading in depth and width since Sam Cressy flew into it; Kendrick must have run into it very shortly after taking off from Boise. Of course flying through a snowstorm is amateur stuff, now that we fly on a radio beam, provided one can keep on his range, so Kendrick plugged right ahead until the pitching of his plane told him he was up against a very strong head wind—how strong he would not know, because he could not see even a lighted city below him through that blizzard; hence he would not know that he was making very little headway, if any, although his air-speed indicator would indicate that he was making his average cruising speed.

"Now, Kendrick knows that winds blow in strata as a usual thing. Finding plenty of wind at his customary altitude of twelve thousand, he would, had it been daylight, with a chance for visibility due to an occasional break in the storm, have dropped to six thousand.

(Continued on page 38)

Probable Alf Landon

Rather small, rather gray and completely Republican, Alf M. Landon quietly got himself elected governor of Kansas in 1932, when it wasn't the thing for Republicans to be elected. In Topeka he quietly but determinedly balanced the budget and unobtrusively got himself talked about for President. Kansans already see him in the White House, and Republicans are taking this unspectacular fellow very seriously indeed

By Walter Davenport

THEY will tell you in Topeka that when the news from Kansas managed to get into the office of The Honorable Jim Farley the day after the elections of 1932, Mr. Farley scoured himself bitterly. The story has it that Mr. Farley belabored his nude head with the telephone book, swallowed his gum and cried: "There now, I knew there was something I forgot."

He was pretty angry at Kansas, too. Here he had been slaving night and day for a year, missing prize fights and listening to the same old story of the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter until he hated farmers and their families with a strangling hatred. Incidentally, they say that Mr. Farley doesn't care nearly as much as he might for the Department of Agriculture and its AAA just because of what he had to endure while he was bird-dogging all those Roosevelt delegates.

Anyway Mr. Farley had been so busy making Franklin D. Roosevelt's election as unanimous as he could that he clean forgot to do something or other in Kansas. And Kansas, thinking it a great joke on Mr. Farley, proceeded to elect as her governor a smallish, gray Republican gentleman who, as far as we are able to learn, has spent the major portion of his forty-eight years being pleasantly surprised. When things go well with the Honorable Alf M. Landon (the affable, squarish Republican gentleman who was christened Alfred Mossman Landon but who chooses to be called, officially, Alf, and who scampered softly into Kansas' governorship while Mr. Farley's back was turned) he is agreeably surprised. When they go contrariwise, Mr. Landon is merely a trifle more surprised—still without heat.

You're Going to Hear About Alf

You probably have heard of Mr. Landon of Kansas. At any rate, you are going to hear a great deal more about him between now and next June. In fact, if Mr. Landon has his way (and the fellow has a nasty knack of getting it) you are going to hear several hundred thousand tons of him for a long while to come—well, until election anyway. But we are traveling too fast. Let's be orderly about this and not get the way Kansas is about him. Kansas has him all elected and sitting in the White House with his vest unbuttoned and his tie askew, balancing the federal budget on the point of his pencil.

Now whatever it was that Mr. Farley had neglected to do, thereby permitting Kansas to elect the extremely matter-of-fact Mr. Landon governor, it is wholly possible that he may regret it more and more as the days roll by. Frankly, we wouldn't have a comfortable moment if we, running for a desirable office, were to discover that Mr. Landon was running too. And the awful part of it is that Mr. Landon runs so quietly and is so thoroughly lubricated in all moving

parts that you would scarcely know he was in the vicinity until the race was over. And then, like as not, you would arrive at the finish line all out of breath and sweating like a county fair, only to discover that Mr. Landon had been there some time and was, at the moment of your arrival, dictating a mild, noncommittal letter to his secretary, Mr. Mayberry. And the letter would be not only mellow and commitmentless, but purring with ingenuous surprise and assuaging regrets.

So it is wholly possible, as we have said, that the mere mention of Mr. Landon's name in the presence of Mr. Farley has a disquieting effect upon our Postmaster General, who is now occupied up to his bright blue Irish eyes with the job of keeping Mr. Roosevelt in the White House and with no aspirations toward unanimity either.

For Mr. Landon is now threatening to be evil political tidings even to some of his fellow Republicans. If he is still with us next June and has avoided misfortune

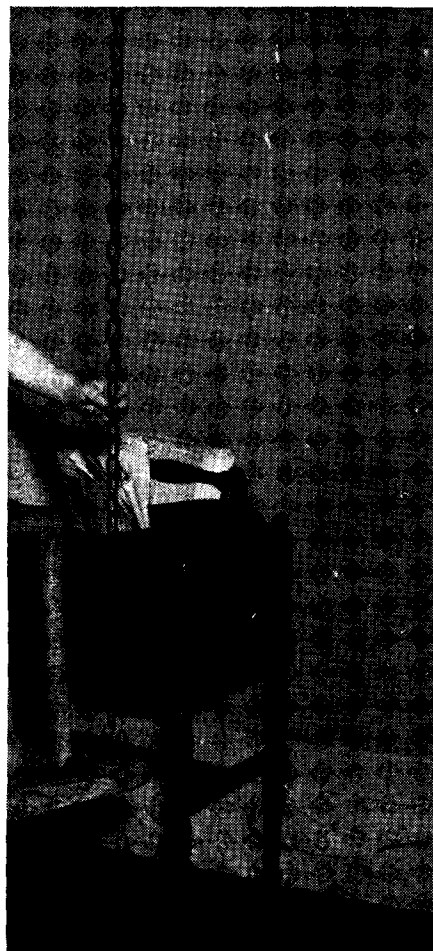
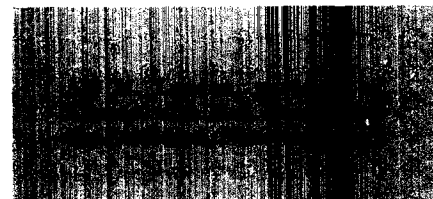
with his customary facility, he will walk gently into the Republican convention with a large rooting section of delegates from Iowa, Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Kansas, of course. He will not have all of them, but there will be plenty. And any prospective candidate with all that ballyhoo under his arm, to say nothing of a habit of getting places and staying there, is not going to be handled like a One-Eyed Connolly nor brushed aside, even by Messrs. Hoover, Mills, Fletcher and Knox, like an Armenian process-server.

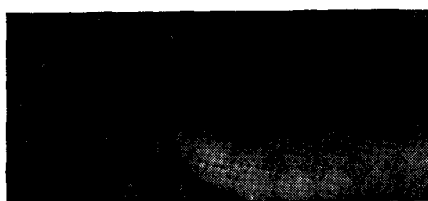
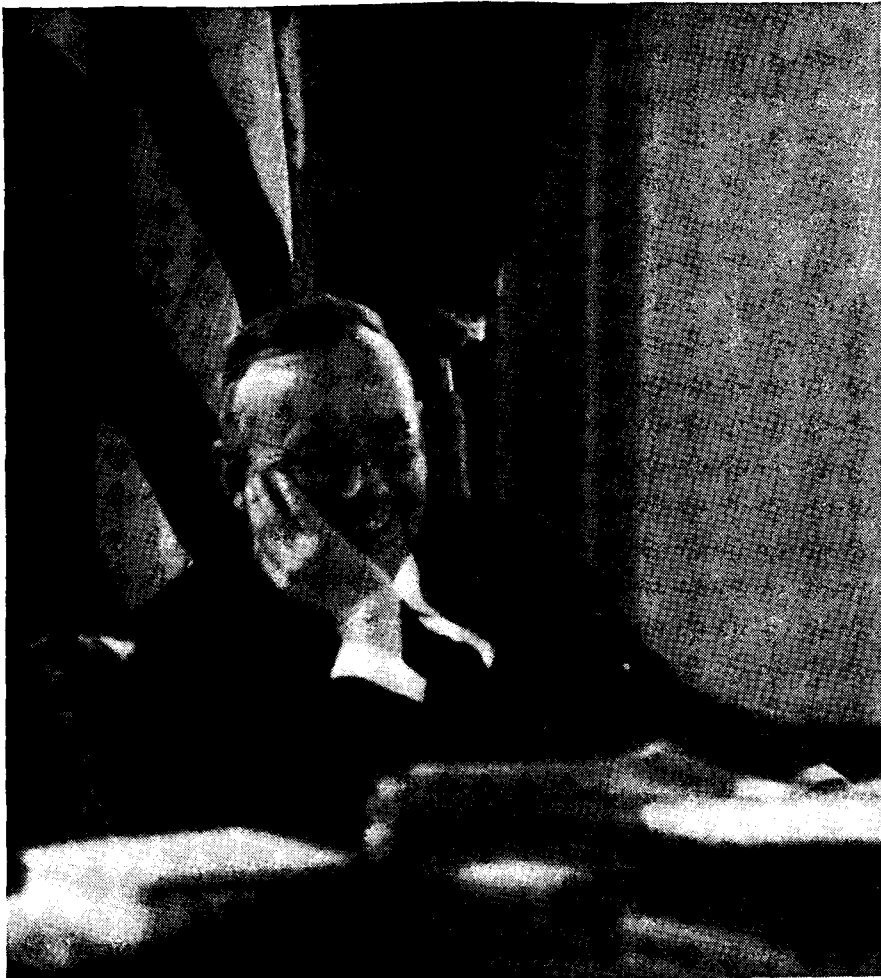
The Man Who Won't Be Ignored

At the moment there is a large consignment of evidence that Mr. Fletcher, the unshrinkably conservative chairman of the Republican National Committee, and Mr. Hoover, who refuses to believe that it is as a private citizen that the country loves him most, intend to ignore Mr. Landon until a merciful exhaustion

intervenes. But they will have to show stamina in quantities we do not now suspect to out-ignore Mr. Landon. Of course, Mr. Landon has heard of Messrs. Fletcher and Hoover but you would never suspect it. These two gentlemen have very decided ideas concerning who should give battle to Mr. Roosevelt, but their ideas are neither long enough nor broad enough to include the governor of Kansas. Not yet anyway.

That a man of the Landon pattern should be even a potential nominee on any party's ticket in these all-aboard-for-the-glory-shore days probably is significant of something. Just what it is we're not at all sure. But here's a Republican who doesn't think the Constitution is in dire peril, who believes that honest progress has been made by a Democratic administration, who has no gypsy incantation nor laboratory cantrip for a prosperity revival, who has no smart-cracks for Mr. Roosevelt nor trick names for the flagging Brain Trust. He's not a sociologist and is not quite sure





what a psychologist does for a living. The poor fellow isn't even an economist, which in itself ought to show you how unutterably behind the times he is. He regards Governor Gene Talmadge of Georgia as a pleasant and sincere fellow citizen but a breeder of unnecessarily loud noises which he, the governor of Kansas, can't quite understand.

No Miracles, if You Please

Mr. Landon probably is one of the foremost personal exemplars of the anti-noise movement that is now sweeping the country with altogether too little success. The late Senator Huey Long was not, in Mr. Landon's opinion, a menace to anybody but Senator Long, although he is free to admit that wealth should be shared among those who will go so far as to work for it. Mr. Upton Sinclair's poverty-scotching formula may have its fundamental merit, but it is an extremist philosophy. And the extremist is always an unbalancer, and the unbalancer solves only his end of the problem—when he solves it. If Mr. Landon could be shown that a national balance could be attained by Doctor Townsend's plan, he would be up there on the platform with the doctor. But taxing youth to comfort age doesn't solve the problems of youth, does it? And so on. You probably get the uncluttered picture of this cannily rational state of mind that is governor of Kansas.

He has none of Mr. Roosevelt's professional charm. He can talk for hours without humor or twanging a heart string. He is as far from genius as you or I—says he has met only one or two geniuses in his life and was horribly disappointed because he couldn't understand what they were saying. As an orator he is completely fireless. But he dearly loves to listen to hell-raisers, sit-

ting there with a look of well-controlled surprise on his face and frequently turning to his neighbor to murmur: "Isn't he grand?"

Compare him with his competitors for the Republican nomination and you discover a deplorable lack of showmanship. He has none of the golden erudition of Mr. Mills, none of the high-pressurism of Mr. Knox, none of Mr. Borah's distant-rumblings, none of the lumbering cunning of Mr. Hoover, the flag-fluttering of Mr. Hamilton Fish, the toad-in-the-hole attitude of Senator Vandenberg nor any of the oracularity of Mr. Henry Ford, who is not without advocates.

And yet, amid all the furious calli-thump of political medicine men squalling their wares down the national rain barrel, he has been an excellent, fearless governor. No miracles, mind you. Rural Kansas is far from prosperity and would be even farther were it not for AAA checks and PWA grants. But Mr. Landon, the complete realist and apparently natural rationalist, has gently set the Kansas house in such order that when at long last a sane and normal national life is available, Kansas should be quite prepared to enjoy it.

At this point something tells us that you may be complaining that we, who should be contemplating politics and politicians with a sophisticated calm, are waxing entirely too enthusiastic. You may protest that we have mislaid our perspective somewhere between home and Topeka, and that would be regrettable because, alas, there may be quite a bit of truth in your misgivings. We are therefore forced to admit that spending the day with Mr. Landon upset us considerably. It's like this: For nearly three years now we have been badly battered by demagogues and salvation yelpers. We have listened to nostrum mixers and pulpit pounders until we had de-

veloped a chronic ringing in the head. We have stood anxiously by while camphor-scented schoolteachers worked out formulas only to learn that they didn't understand the problem the formula was to solve.

At least a dozen times we have been given the day and the hour when the ruddy horde of gory radicals would be upon us and our sacred institutions with fire and sword. We stood awaiting each appointed hour and day until our feet were worn out and our eyes horribly bloodshot. We've been bludgeoned with a dozen wealth-sharing schemes—most of them boob-bait flung out by bush-beating politicians. We've been deluged with Populism under seven hook-and-sinker names. We have sat in unventilated halls and on state-house steps listening to bug-eyed Communists who called themselves Co-MU-nists and who rode off in shiny new cars after passing the hat. We've listened to Socialists who never read Marx. It all just about did for us.

Back to Old-Fashioned Remedies

Therefore as we say, Governor Landon, who, as far as we were able to discover, hasn't any herb-and-frog-hair ointment for any of our economic sores or social wounds—none at least except those we've always had in the cobwebbed national medicine chest—was quite a relief. Of course, he may not get farther than first base in the Republican convention where, if the time-honored policy of the G. O. P. is adhered to, the accolade will fall upon the shoulders of a solid Easterner who can be depended upon for four years of dogged progress-resisting. But such a nomination will be tantamount to an announcement that the Republicans do not choose to make a fight of it.

But if Mr. Landon should be nominated, you may settle down to enjoy a more or less desperate race between a bright and shining hare and a tortoise with slightly frayed cuffs and a shine on its blue serge coat. The pomp and circumstance will be all on Mr. Roosevelt's side. So will the forensic glitter, the human-interest tug and the hallelujahs. And yet, Mr. Landon, who is neither romantic nor evangelistic and is altogether as sensational as a bar of laundry soap, will be covering lots of fertile ground in his own unobtrusive way, and day by day imbuing plenty of voters with a confident calm that seems to be his greatest store. He may not be brilliant, but he is awfully comfortable.

He hasn't flung his hat into the ring yet. It isn't really much of a hat to look at anyway. In fact, we mistook it for our own as we were leaving. He was not at all pleased either when, as we sat talking to him, the news arrived that fifty of Kansas' Republican bosses meeting in a near-by hotel had publicly announced that he was the state's candidate for the nomination. Mr. Landon's way would be to write a brief and dispassionate letter some morning (using a sheet of asbestos just to be on the safe side) to, say, Senator Capper, another headlong Kansan, indicating—indicating, mind you—that he would accept the Republican nomination if it were tendered him. And, to repeat, that might be disconcerting news to those Republican mahouts who yearn to nominate someone who could wear a braided morning coat and striped trousers without apologizing to policemen and Apple Mary.

After Mr. Landon had served his first term as governor, something of a well-controlled surprise to him, he was re-elected by (bless my eyebrows) a plurality ten times as large as his first one. One of the opponents he defeated was our jovial friend Dr. John R. Brinkley, who had made and still is making a whacking fortune rejuvenating ambitious gaffers by the use of goat glands. Dr.

Brinkley it was who described his conqueror as "a conservative Coolidge," a rather uncalled-for label because Mr. Landon is not a Calvin Coolidge and is not, measured by the standards of his party, a true conservative. Rather he is of the old Bull Moose element of the G. O. P.—quite a little to the right of the LaFollette corner and still measurably to the left of T. R. himself.

He is a middle-of-the-roader saluting with both hands. He seems to have no political enemies on either side and if he had he would view them with a bland serenity that would leave them shouldered with the entire burden. They will tell you in Kansas that if there is one trait that is more pronounced in Mr. Landon than another it is his ability to get along blissfully with both sides of the Kansas argument. He can tut-tut whole drifts of dissension out of his path and send the wranglers home sighing: "Ah, what's the use?"

When he took office he knew that Kansas was spending a 1933 income with a 1928 prodigality. Several neighboring governors had discovered—somehow—that their states were doing the same thing. And after the manner of governors, several of them suggested that they get together to discuss ways and means of living within their income. But Mr. Landon wasn't listening. Not by nature a lavish spender of his considerable personal income, he had certain qualms about spending the state's money to travel to, say, Chicago and discuss something that needed no discussing. Instead he cut all appropriations, salaries, wages and office-holding personnel twenty-five per cent, including his own salary of course.

The results tickled him so much that he fired several more departmentfuls of statesmen of both sexes and abolished a number of bureaus which seemed to him to be somewhat unnecessary to the happiness of the people of Kansas. All told, he had decreased the cost of government in Kansas ten million dollars. And in his first year of office, too.

The Three Commandments

Of course, he could have kept that up until Kansas wouldn't have been paying anything for government, but this might have worked hardship here and there and deprived a lot of people of pleasure. Furthermore, it must not be forgotten that Mr. Landon is a politician—a good one—and good politicians always know when and where to stop whatever they may be doing, good or bad.

Therefore, Mr. Landon attacked the problem (why will we insist upon calling it a problem?) obliquely. He did this in a nice, straightforward way that should recommend him to all uncluttered minds. He caused three simple laws to be passed. One was that neither the state nor any of its eleven or twelve thousand subdivisions could levy taxes for anything above a certain rate—the rates varying according to the size and character of the counties, cities, towns, districts and other subdivisions. Moreover, these maximum rates of taxation were quite a bit below what Kansas had been used to.

There was, of course, quite a howl from here and there. Multitudes of tax-levying officials and their political bosses declared flatly that it just couldn't be done—that ruin and worse would ensue. Mr. Landon seemed a trifle surprised that his intent was so thoroughly misunderstood and accordingly wrote another law that the Legislature didn't quite dare reject.

This one was that each of the eleven or twelve thousand governmental subdivisions of Kansas should adopt a budget system based upon these tax-rate limitations, and that if a sufficient

(Continued on page 55)

Life Begins So Soon

By Bernard DeVoto

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES W. EARLEY

The Story Thus Far:

ACCORDING to the gossips at Morrison University, Paula Traggas, wife of Maurice Traggas, a faculty member, is having a secret affair with an English professor: the brilliant, philandering Dr. Eugene Fifield. Among those who do not entirely trust Paula is Traggas' best friend, David Bingham, of the chemistry department.

Caroline Fanning, an editor of the Morrison Daily, goes to a dance. Paula is there—without her husband. Also Tommy Pierce, the Campus Charmer, who when Caroline returned his fraternity pin, had instantly shifted his attentions to Helen Herrick, Caroline's roommate. While talking to Tommy (who shocks her by confessing that he is

madly in love with her) Caroline overhears one end of a telephone conversation between Paula Traggas and some man; she hears enough to gather that Paula is all that the scandalmongers say.

Emery Smith, managing editor of the Daily, tells Caroline that Tommy Pierce's recent resignation as managing editor of the Senior Year Book was because he was caught fourteen hundred dollars short in his accounts. A shock, that. Another follows when they encounter Eugene Fifield, who, covered with blood and almost unconscious, says that an automobile has struck him. Later, Caroline learns the truth: Dr. Fifield has been beaten half to death with fists.

II

IT TOOK a full week for the Gamma house to settle down again and dismiss the last hashed-over detail of the dance. Then at luncheon a messenger boy marched into the dining-room with a big box of chocolates, and Priscilla Farley, blushing scarlet, stood up and ran the required three times around the table. She exhibited the Sigma Nu pin and, shoulder-deep in cooing girls, confessed that it had happened at the Formal but they had wanted to keep it secret for a little while. But while the awed chapter fluttered round their president, Caroline could only think that at the very moment when Priscilla was getting engaged, possibly, the lights of Emery's car had been making those monstrous shadows of Emery and David Bingham kneeling above the huddled body of Dr. Fifield.

Another member of the department gave the lectures in English D-51, without alluding to the accident, and nobody said much about it on campus. Steve and Emery discussed it at the Daily but on tangents that kept safely away from the important thing. Driving Mrs. Traggas home in David's car, Emery had thought her too blatantly calm and cold. For when he first told her what had happened, Paula had turned ghastly white and had to lean against him. Emery thought she was scared stiff, which was natural enough, but he also got an idea that she wasn't as surprised as she might have been.

Caroline resolutely turned a key on her information. "You mean she sneaked out and ran him down in fun? Or did she have somebody do it for her?" she asked.

"No, but I got ideas," Emery said sagely. "I mean, don't be silly—who would turn white because an English prof got hit? Nobody. I think she'd like him for a boy friend."

His innocence almost made her laugh. If he could have seen Paula's face at the country club when she came out of the phone booth! That was another part of the hideous night that she couldn't talk about. . . . The three of them were lounging back of the Journalism Building. An unseasonably warm afternoon, with a haze above Shagbark Pond and co-eds in spring dresses when there wasn't a sign of a leaf on any tree. The discussion bored Steve, who lay

prone and smoked cigarettes and grunted occasionally—his neat, expensive clothes, as always, a contrast to Emery's soiled flannels and grimy shoes.

But Steve sat up and said, "That roommate of yours, now. There's something absolutely first-rate in blondes."

Helen Herrick was coming across the strip of lawn between them and Fine Arts. She saw them and came over to sit in the sun, smile dreamily and demand a cigarette. She had just ruined a football hero's shoulders in life class, she said, and life was bitter and how did she get this delusion she could draw anyway? She chatted artlessly for a few minutes, with the sun doing nice things to her hair, and then wandered off. Steve gave her a fifty-yard lead and stood up too.

"No use," Caroline said. "She's going down to Keller's Cellar and hold hands with Tommy Pierce."

"Three-quarters of a mile. A man can do a lot in three-quarters of a mile."

"That goes, if he's Steve," Emery said. "Yes and you're pretty catty, too, Carol. Why be fretful about a blonde who's limp-brained enough to fall for Tommy?"

"I wish Steve would make her hold hands with him."

"Steve? Oh, Lord! She wouldn't survive the qualifying round. What's more," Emery said, studying her, "it would be nice if you'd come clean. You're holding out on us. Something about our big night. Better break down and tell all."

CAROLINE stood up. "All I'm holding out," she said disagreeably, "is that the sight of blood made me sick to my stomach." She felt mixed up and regretful. "I'm sorry, Emery, I've led a sheltered life and you can't expect me to take automobile accidents in my stride. I had to be our little heroine at the wheel and no time to study the role."

He said "Okay, if that's your story, Carol," and looked at her too keenly as she walked away. So now she was lying to Emery, she reflected miserably. She had never been inside Tate Hall, where the department of industrial chemistry was, but she simply had to ask Dave Bingham some of the questions that were tormenting her. She had had the impulse all week and now it couldn't be restrained. She found David in a small



"I'll make him regret the day he ever heard my name," she exclaimed

Paula said, "Hello, dear," in an insolent tone. Helen said nothing



research laboratory with a couple of graduate students, some stop watches and an apparatus that looked like a small pipe organ in glass. He was obviously busy but said, "Hello, Caroline," and started to explain what they were doing. He kept interrupting himself to turn cocks on the apparatus or jot down readings from the stop watches. She felt silly. How childish to come here! She turned away and David put down his pad and walked to the door with her.

"I want to see you, Caroline—I've been hoping I could," he said. "But I've been—completely occupied. Is there anything on your mind now?"

She couldn't say anything but "I've got a hundred questions to ask you."

At once his face had a shrewdness she didn't like. "For instance?"

That made everything grotesque. She felt foolish and obscurely angry. "Well—for instance, who was it that beat poor Dr. Fifield so badly? You seemed pretty sure."

"I know the mark of a fist when I see it. But I haven't the faintest idea who did the job. I'm not psychic, you know."

His face had a transparent blankness, a mendacity that increased her anger. He was sorry he'd told her, so now he was treating her like a child! She

couldn't understand why she was so mad, but her eyes smarted and she turned away. She said, over her shoulder, "Then you wouldn't be interested in the telephone call I overheard that night," and let her sharp heels clatter on the stairs. He called "Caroline!" but she tossed her head and hurried on. She disliked him fervently and wondered whether he thought her a complete fool, coming to his laboratory this way.

HE PHONED to the house, asking her to dinner, but she pleaded her job at the Daily. He really did want to talk to her, for he came to the Daily offices about ten o'clock and sat there watching them put the paper to bed. She contrived to let Emery know she wanted him to stick by her and, since this was a night when she had to be in early, the two of them walked home with her and David got no chance to question her. The next night she was scornful of him and a little disgusted. For it was the opening of the college musical show and she went with Steve and Emery and there was David Bingham with Mrs. Traggas again. Caroline shrugged: twice in two weeks. Men were very simple creatures after all. She devoted herself to the stage, disdaining him.

Steve, of course, couldn't be impressed. He had his usual remarks about the thickness of the Kappa legs and how much extra poundage the prairie co-eds carried round their hips. But it was really a giddy and delightful show, with fine lighting effects and much better choruses than usual. Afterward Keller's Cellar was full of people singing the songs. The excited chorus girls drifted in, people visited from table to table, everybody who counted on campus was careful to be seen.

Helen and Tommy were at a table in the corner, their heads almost together, light from a rose-shaded lamp making them look bemused. Caroline's mood sank. Ever since the Formal, Helen had been keeping out of her way as much as possible, and seeing Tommy practically all the time. A dozen times Caroline had found words tumbling to her lips that she simply must not speak. And yet she must—she ought to talk to Helen. But how could she?

Emery was watching her. He said, "You can't very well, can you? It isn't your business, or your secret, is it? We just shut up." He sighed to Steve, "Remember Carol in the old days, and she with a smile and a fine word for all the likes of us?"

Steve scowled at the corner table. "That's a depressing sight. We ought to detach that blonde if only to vindicate the Morrison male."

His head still bandaged, Dr. Fifield was lecturing the next afternoon. He was curt, and at the end of the hour he requested Miss Fanning to speak to him at the desk. How could you face a man whom you knew so much about, whom you had driven in such circumstances to the hospital? That appeared to be what was on his mind. For hostility showed in his eyes when he said that he wanted to express his thanks for her Red Cross work. Anxious to get away, Carol said it was a terrible thing and she was glad she had been able to help. He showed impatience at the conventional sentiments. He wanted to find out something.

"Was I unconscious all the time?" he asked.

THAT ghastly scene jangled her nerves again. "Emery Smith and I saw you in our lights. You fell and you were able to tell us a car had hit you before you fainted. I don't know about the rest. I was driving. Professor Bingham was with you in the rumble."

"Ah, yes, the conscientious Bingham

(Continued on page 44)



The Boy Grew Bolder

The singular experience of Thomas Neal, Esq., who longed to be one of those bold, dashing fellows whose adventures he directed

By Heywood Broun

TOM NEAL had finished the strip but it lacked captions and balloons. Colonel Carver was dashing across the icy wastes of Alaska to rescue Doloreta Mendoza, who had been kidnapped by Indian fur trappers in a remote village. The strip, which was called simply "Colonel Carver," appeared six days every week in two hundred and twenty-five American newspapers. It consisted of three separate panels which described the adventurous career of the hero conceived by Tom Neal.

On this particular day the sketches on the drawing board seemed extremely

spirited. First of all, the Colonel was pictured mushing across the ice behind a team of Alaskan husky dogs. In the second picture a gale had sprung up, and in the final sketch of the daily installment Colonel Carver, his shirt open at the throat, was plodding ahead, straight into the teeth of an Arctic blizzard.

Tom Neal regarded his handiwork with a lack-luster eye. In fact, his eyes were red and swollen. He paused to take a lozenge before he furnished conversation for his character. It seemed to be an insufficient amount of medication, and so

he turned to Miss Trammel, his secretary, and said, "Would you mind getting me the atomizer?"

As she searched about for the spray he began to print words in the last picture to make the emotions of Colonel Carver articulate. The Colonel was saying, as he faced the blizzard, "Not snow, nor gale, nor all the tortures of the frozen north can stay me from rescuing Doloreta!"

"Here's the spray," said Miss Trammel, and Tom Neal applied the atomizer sedulously. He handed the strip over to his secretary. "What do you think of it?"

"That's all right," said Miss Trammel. "How long are you going to hold on to Doloreta Mendoza?"

"I guess I'll have to create another heroine pretty soon," said Neal. "The clients don't seem to take much interest in her. They liked Patsy McGuire a good deal better."

Miss Trammel permitted herself the vestige of a smile. "Why didn't you let Colonel Carver marry Patsy?" she suggested.

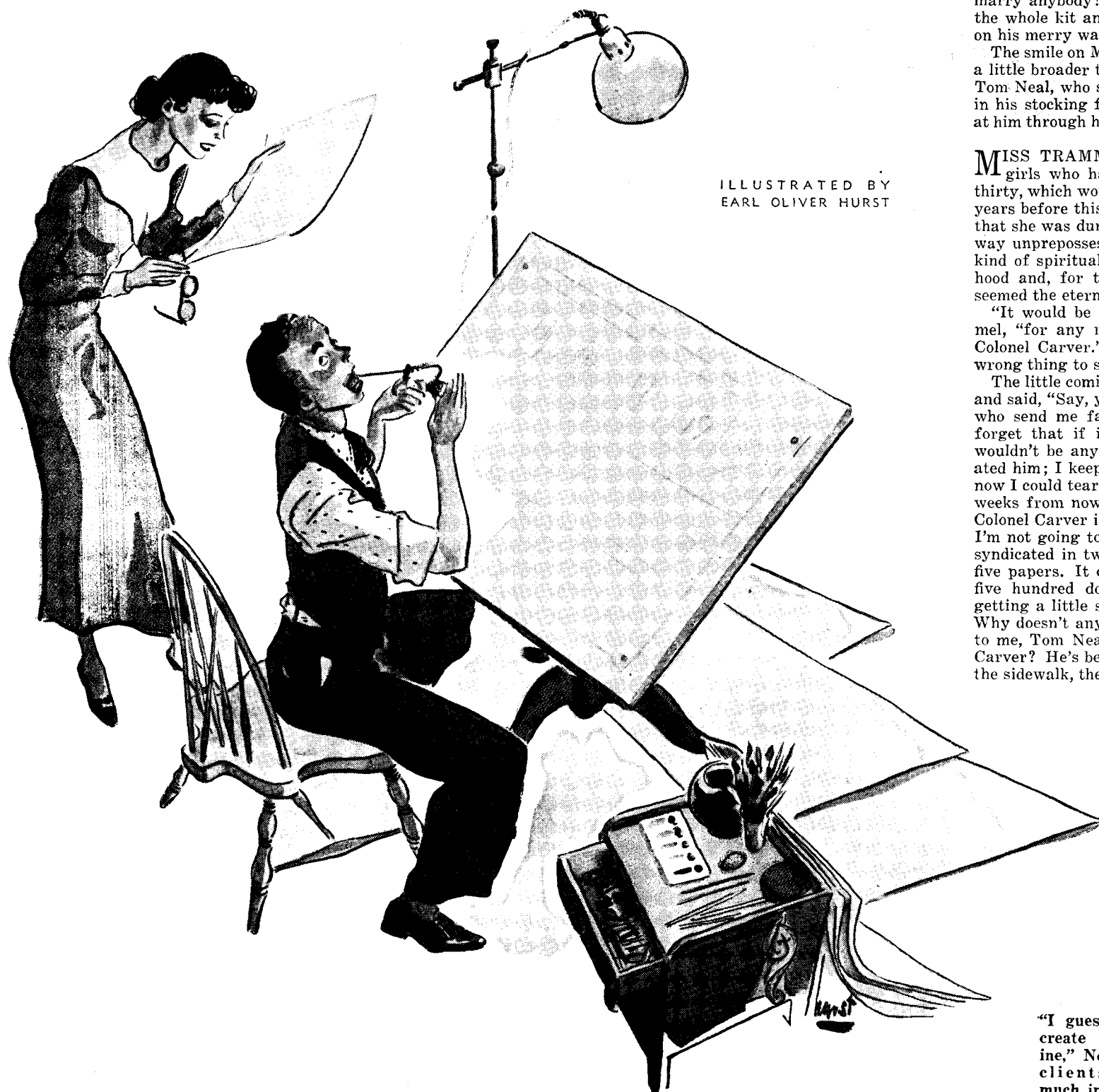
Tom Neal looked up in irritation and replied, "Don't be silly. You know better than that. This strip has been going on for almost five years—how can I let him marry anybody? He's got to fascinate the whole kit and caboodle and then be on his merry way with another."

The smile on Miss Trammel's face was a little broader this time. She looked at Tom Neal, who stood all of five feet five in his stocking feet—in fact she peered at him through her horn-rimmed glasses.

MISS TRAMMEL was one of those girls who had become matronly at thirty, which would have been about five years before this story starts. It wasn't that she was dumpy in figure, or in any way unprepossessing. Rather, it was a kind of spiritual surrender to spinsterhood and, for that matter, Tom Neal seemed the eternal recluse and bachelor.

"It would be nice," said Miss Trammel, "for any man to live the life of Colonel Carver." That, again, was the wrong thing to say.

The little comic artist looked up at her and said, "Say, you're like all the people who send me fan mail. They seem to forget that if it wasn't for me there wouldn't be any Colonel Carver. I created him; I keep him going; why, right now I could tear up that strip and three weeks from now there wouldn't be any Colonel Carver in the papers. Of course I'm not going to do it. After all, we're syndicated in two hundred and twenty-five papers. It does amount to twenty-five hundred dollars a week, but I'm getting a little sick of it just the same. Why doesn't anybody pay any attention to me, Tom Neal? Who is this Colonel Carver? He's beginning to crowd me off the sidewalk, the big bum. Oh, have you



ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL OLIVER HURST

"I guess I'll have to create another heroine," Neal said. "The clients don't take much interest in her"



got in your notebook that engagement I had with Millicent?"

"Yes, Mr. Neal," said Miss Trammel. "I have it in the book, but I don't need to look it up. I remember it very distinctly. You were to call for her in Brooklyn at seven and take her out to dinner and the show at the Winter Garden."

NEAL took a large handkerchief out of his pocket and turned again for a last survey of Colonel Carver, who was saying, "Not snow, nor gale, nor all the tortures of the frozen north can stay me from rescuing Doloreta!"

"Well, I wish you'd get her on the phone," he said. "Please tell her that I'm feeling awfully bum. Say that the doctor said to me that I was on the way to recovery but that I wasn't to go out till my fever is entirely gone, and I'm still running a temperature of ninety-nine and two-tenths. As a matter of fact, it was only ninety-nine when I took it half an hour ago, but it gets higher in the evening. I think I might as well be on the safe side."

"I think you're wise," said Miss Trammel. "There's a lot of pneumonia going around now. My cousin, Mary, in Flatbush, started with a simple cold but she didn't wait till it was over before she started getting about, and now she's got double pneumonia. It isn't wise to take chances."

"You know what I'll do?" said Neal. "It may sound silly, but I think it would

help my cold if I got Colonel Carver out of Alaska. I can get rid of Doloreta in a couple of more strips and put the Colonel in an aeroplane for some reason or other and send the dope down to some South Sea island. I think if I was drawing pictures of sharks and palm trees somehow or other it would loosen up this cold. You know, sometimes I get the feeling that I'm living all these things I'm drawing. You know, sometimes when I put him in a particularly tight place and go to bed at night, I get kind of worried. I'm kind of worried, of course, because I'm trying to think up an idea of how he's going to escape from the two man-eating tigers and the crowd of cannibals. But maybe it's just a little bit that I feel that I'm in exactly the same spot where I put him. Let's get at the fan mail."

MISS TRAMMEL produced from her brief case two or three hundred letters.

"I've sorted most of this out," she explained. "I think that Type 1-B will do for about half of them. You know, 'Thanks for your kindly interest in the adventures of Colonel Carver,' and then there are about twenty or thirty from

people who want you to address women's clubs and Rotary luncheons, and so on. I'm still sending them Type 3-C, if that's all right. 'I'm terribly sorry. I would like to meet all my readers in person, but unfortunately on account of a terrific press of work it is impossible for me to make any speaking engagements at present.'"

Tom Neal blew his nose. "Some time or other," he said, "I'd like to tackle one of those speaking engagements. I don't see why I should be nervous about standing up in front of a crowd of people. Particularly if they're not paying me anything. I'm doing them a favor. There's nothing wrong with me. I'm not deformed. I may not be quite as tall as Colonel Carver, and I can't knock a man down with one punch, but I'm all right—at least I will be when I get over this grippy cold. It's just such a nuisance to go around and talk to people. That's all right on those form letters, but what else have you got?"

Miss Trammel hesitated and cleared her throat. "Perhaps," she said, "I should have just torn this up and not bothered you with it. It's a letter from a girl. She calls herself 'Viola Rosemont' and she wants to meet you."

"That may be some of the boys down at the office trying to rib me. I don't think I want to take a chance on that."

"I'm not sure," said Miss Trammel, "but it seems like a girl's handwriting. She writes, 'I have always thought that

Colonel Carver was the liveliest of all the adventure strips, and I want to meet the man who created this character. I suppose, in part, that it's autobiographical, and yet I don't expect you to look or behave exactly like the man whom you've created. After all, you, as an individual, are more important than your drawings. It's rather fresh of me to write to you, but as a matter of fact, we have a mutual friend. Or, if you don't know him, at least you have heard of him."

"My father is the publisher of the Boston Observer. Perhaps you don't follow all your syndication, but the Observer has taken your strip almost from the beginning. I happen to be in New York for a week and I'm staying at the Renton. I could have gotten my father to write me a letter of introduction, but if you are anything like your own Colonel Carver you're not a conventional person and you will pardon my audacity in asking you to call me up—Room 742—some afternoon around cocktail time."

"WELL," said Tom Neal, "that girl's got some sense. She realizes that Colonel Carver is me and that I'm more important than he is. She's right about the Observer. That's a pretty good client. Thomas Rosemont would be her father. They pay a couple hundred dollars a week for the strip. Let's see—when did she write this letter? Just yesterday? Well, that means she'll be here for another five or six days. But—well, after all, Millicent and I are still engaged."

"Mr. Neal, would you mind very much if I were a little frank in talking to you?"

"Heavens, no. I asked you to give me your advice. After all, we've been working together for five years; we ought to be friends. You open all my letters and answer the phone for me. I haven't got any secrets from you."

"Well, then, if you don't mind my saying so, I know it's none of my business, I think you've been very foolish about Millicent King. You were engaged to her when I first came to work for you, and that was five years ago. What's the sense in it? You two just keep putting it off. You're not in love with each other, but neither one of you has the nerve to admit it. Now you're only thirty-two, but after all, is there any point in just going on and on with this engagement which doesn't mean anything?"

Tom Neal took the atomizer and sprayed his throat again. "Miss Trammel," he said, "I'm glad you spoke about this, but it's a little difficult for me. I guess you're right. I don't really love Millicent, but I don't want to be a cad. I'm not like Colonel Carver that way. I can't break a girl's heart and then just toss her aside like, like—a withered violet. What am I going to do about it?"

"Can I still go on being frank?"

"Of course."

"WELL, tell you the truth, she has never said it to me, but I don't think you would break her heart. This is just one of those things which has been accepted on both sides. It's become a habit. There isn't any adventure or romance in it. It's become too placid. Now, Mr. Neal, you know that I'm a pretty sedate person; I'm a little older than you are—three or four years, I think—but if I had my life to live over again I'd choose adventure. You need it."

"I wouldn't be telling you all this, but I think Colonel Carver hasn't been as good for the last six or seven months as it used to be."

"I know you make this all up out of your head but, after all, you've got to get around. You've got to see people and have adventures of your own before you can draw all these pictures. I used to believe the things that happened in the

(Continued on page 42)

Callingham's Girl

By Arthur Somers Roche
and Ethel Pettit Roche

The Story Thus Far:

TIM MARSTEN and Mary Byran are married in New York City. Bill Cantavo, famous orchestra leader, is an usher at the wedding. The ceremony over, he receives a terrible shock: Inspector Henderson of the police force arrives, announces that Walter Callingham, a Broadway playboy, has been murdered, and demands to see the bride, to whom he refers as "Callingham's girl." But he does not see Mrs. Marsten—she slips away and, within a few hours, is reported dead—either murdered or a suicide.

Marsten at once secures a lawyer—the wily Penfold—to vindicate his wife; and the police try to find Amy Martin, a chorus girl, who, they believe, holds the key to the mystery. Then—Sam Garrett, Callingham's butler, is murdered!

The police cannot find Amy Martin. She is in hiding in the apartment of one Dinsmore, a member of Cantavo's orchestra. To Dinsmore she confesses that she is trying to evade both the police and Jack Rapport, a dope peddler, who, aware that she is in love with another man—Willie Jernegan—has threatened to kill her; and to Dinsmore,

too, she confides that she, not Mary Byran, was "Callingham's girl!"

Cantavo knows Amy slightly; but she makes frantic efforts to see him in order to tell him "something of importance." Then, while trying to meet her one night, he is kidnapped! Bitz and Heinie, two of Rapport's associates, mistaking him for Henderson, spirit him away by automobile. Before they take him away, however, they are forced to engage in a gun fight with the members of another gang. And when they learn his identity, they release him. The explanation is simple: Having learned of Rapport's plan, Nick Braggiotti and a man known as "The Big Shot," both former associates of Walter Callingham, had tried to hijack the kidnapers! . . .

In a motion picture house Henderson and Cantavo (who are old friends) enjoy some newsreels. In one of them, Cantavo sees a man who, he has reason to believe, is very close to Penfold, Marsten's lawyer. He points him out to Henderson. "That," says the Inspector, "is the man we want. We'll have that guy's face shown in every picture house in New York!"

VIII

CANTAVO turned over and groaned. He yawned and stretched and looked up into the smiling face of Sam, and then out of the window into the face of a pouring rain. "Will golf weather never come again?" he complained to Sam. "Will the time never come when I can take a week's vacation? Sam, you are looking at a man who is downtrodden. I haven't had a vacation in fifteen years."

"Give me a cigarette. Fifteen years of looking into the faces of the kind of people who go to night clubs and restaurants. A million dollars a year they've paid—well, some of the years, not all of them—and that old devil depression took most of it away from me. Fifteen years of looking at faces through smoke! And I hate 'em all this morning. Sometime I'm going to the interior of some far-distant country and look into the face of a native." He sighed. "But then I'd have to listen to their lousy music. I guess I'll stay home." He yawned prodigiously. "Sam, I want to cry and I want to play golf and I want some breakfast—lots of breakfast. Are you going to stand around here all day doing nothing?"

Sam left the room on a run. Cantavo sat up in bed and swung his feet over the edge and put on his slippers. He looked around for Sam.

"Sam," he called with such poignancy in his voice that Sam came running into the room.

"How many times and how many years have I told you not to leave this room in the morning until I'm up and dressed?"

"Three years," Sam said obligingly.

Sam left the room. Cantavo went to the bathroom and picked up his tooth brush, with the toothpaste spread on it in readiness. He smiled. Sam is weakening my character. I ought to do something about it. He brushed his teeth. I'd give it all up and settle down in the country and raise chickens if they didn't crow and cackle in the mornings. He went into his living-room and sat down in front of his breakfast table which was

accoutered with exquisite silver, a flaming lamp under fragrant coffee and a tiny vase of flowers. On the table beside it were the morning papers, an ash tray and cigarettes, two telephones and a new magazine, just out, in which he was following a mystery serial.

HE UNFOLDED his napkin and idly flipped over the pages in the magazine. His eye lighted on a colored picture of a cow in a white porcelain stall, with red awnings at the windows, and red geraniums in window boxes.

"I want to live in the country and raise a cow with red awnings," he said to Sam. "Do you know how to milk?"

"Sure I do."

"That's fortunate, for you are going to be a cow's valet eventually." He drank a glass of orange juice. Sam poured his coffee. "Now tell me all the bad news."

"Mr. Beeman telephoned again this morning."

"Again? When did he call before?"

"Yesterday. I forgot to tell you."

"And what else?"

"Mr. Graham is waiting to go over the morning mail."

"And?"

"There was a long-distance telephone call from Palm Beach. Maybe that would be Mrs. Bostwick."

"Tell Graham to come in."

The doorbell rang. Henderson came in. "I'm going to miss you when this Callingham case is solved," Cantavo greeted him. "I've grown used to your companionship in a morbid sort of a way."

"I guess I'm an acquired taste."

"Not taste—habit. Have some breakfast."

"No, thanks."

Graham entered. "Good morning, Graham."

"Good morning, Bill."

"Graham can't help it. He has the air of alert efficiency all the time," Cantavo explained to Henderson. "He doesn't just put it on at dawn to annoy me."

"Dawn? It's twelve-thirty."

"In that case I'll have lunch with you after all," Henderson said.



ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

"Can't you rely on your stomach to tell you when you're hungry?"

Sam on the phone interjected with a loud, "Did you say it is Mr. Beeman talking?"

"Okay," Cantavo said and picked up the phone. He listened for a while. "Sergeant Henderson is here with me now, Mr. Beeman. Shall I ask his advice?" He turned to Henderson and said: "Beeman has been the Marsten family lawyer for a century or more. He retained Penfold to defend Mary when she first disappeared, because it looked like a criminal case. And now he feels that since Mary is dead, perhaps Tim should have someone else to advise him. He's not sure Penfold is the man for the job. He seems to think it's more of a police job than a lawyer's."

"Penfold is a good man. I'd leave him with Tim and not go having a bunch of other lawyers, family or not, butting in to complicate things. Tell him Penfold is swell."

"Mr. Beeman, Sergeant Henderson seems to feel that Penfold is a reliable man and that Tim is in good hands." He listened for a while and said, "How can talking about Tim's tragedy be an interruption to me? Phone me any time of the day or night you feel like it. And come in to see me if you have any time you can spare."

"**B**EEMAN'S a nice fellow," Cantavo said as he hung up the receiver. "He's devoted to Tim and naturally has the jitters."

"If we get more lawyers mixed up in this we'll never get anything cleared up. I like the line-up as it is."

"I'm on Tim's side," Cantavo said.

"In other words, you'd like to see the murder cleared up; Mary's connection with it explained and Tim freed from suspicion."

"Just that."

"Then let me handle it. I promise you I know how."



"No more autographs," Cantavo said. "I came here to enjoy myself"

"I see by the paper that Callingham's butler, Sam Garetti, was shot while being questioned by reporters."

"He was killed by a forty-five-caliber bullet. So was Callingham. Both bullets came from the same revolver—" Henderson sighed. "Now all we have to do is find the revolver."

"Do any of Callingham's gunmen have forty-fives?"

"Yes, but not the right forty-five. We have no revolver, no witness, and too many suspects with motives. We've got to work on probabilities only until someone somewhere down the line will let something slip that will give us a lead."

"Miss Reardon, did you say, Sam? Okay." Cantavo picked up the phone. "Hello, Rosie. Your pleasant voice is the only cheery thing that's happened to me this morning."

"I hope I'm not interrupting your breakfast, but I was worried about you. I had a feeling last night you weren't feeling well or something," Rosie said.

"No. I'm okay. It's nice of you to phone."

"The orchestra sounded terrible—what with you away and Dinsmore's hot saxophone missing."

"How's your romance progressing with that distinguished bum?"

"It looks like love to me."

"Are you seriously considering sitting home nights with a bassinette?"

"Sort of, I'm really the old-oaken-bucket type. And that reminds me, how about your taking me to the Gannett tonight for a beaker?"

"THAT'S a date. Thanks for calling and don't forget we're making electrical transcriptions at one-thirty." As he hung up, he said to Graham: "You know what I think? I think I'm going to fire Dinsmore. I don't like his being absent this way. I don't like his smoking those marijuanas."

"Now, Bill—" Graham was always apprehensive of Cantavo's impulsiveness—

"don't go firing Dinsmore, just because you're suffering with an early morning righteousness." He appealed to Henderson for support. "Dinsmore's all right, isn't he, Henderson?"

"Maybe," Henderson replied.

Cantavo smiled at Henderson's reluctant commendation. "I like better your old cheery habit of speaking well only of the dead."

"Here's a telegram for you," Graham handed it to Cantavo. Cantavo opened his telegram. It was from Palm Beach:

"The night-blooming jasmine smells swell; the palm trees are rustling under a moon that never goes down. Be a money grubber if you really want to—otherwise, come down to Florida and visit me. I'd love it. Cynthia Bostwick."

"You've read that telegram four times," Graham commented nervously. "By the way—you are making transcription records at one-thirty; you have an audition at three o'clock and a rehearsal at four o'clock."

"I'm doing nothing of the kind. I'm going to a picture show. I want to be educated, so I'm going down with Henderson to see how fingerprints are made. I gotta have some fun in my lifetime."

Henderson was aghast at Cantavo's distorted idea of fun.

Graham was stunned by this irresponsibility. "But, Bill," he protested, "you've got to make the records. You're booked solid for the rest of the week."

THE phone rang. Sam answered. "Palm Beach calling? Mrs. Bostwick?"

Cantavo took the phone from his hands. "Hello, Mrs. Bostwick. I just this minute received your telegram."

"I've been worrying about Mary Marsten's tragedy. Do you think I should tell Tim that she had a job in the chorus at one time? Would it throw any enlightenment on the situation that would be useful to him? After all, there was no reason why everyone shouldn't have known she was in the chorus. It was stupid on her part not to have told Tim anyway."

"I think perhaps it's best to do so."

"Would you mind awfully telling Tim for me? It might help solve the mystery of her disappearance and death. I think he really should know."

"Sure. I'll tell him."

Graham looked at his watch. "You're going to be late for your recording," he admonished Cantavo.

"You haven't eaten any breakfast, Mr. Cantavo," Sam complained.

"Give him a break. There's romance in the air." Henderson interceded for Cantavo.

"Don't coppers ever work?" Cantavo inquired as he hung up the receiver.

"I am working. Do you think I'm sitting here for pleasure?" Henderson replied.

"WANT to go to a motion picture with me at two-thirty?" Cantavo asked.

"I can meet you there," Henderson told him. "I've got to go over to Fifty-fourth Street first. There's a gent in a room on the thirtieth floor sitting on a window ledge. He's thinking of committing suicide. I have to go and see what progress he's making."

"I wouldn't hurry or you might get there in time."

"Some of the other boys are over keeping him company."

"Just what are they supposed to do about it? Cheer him?"

"Two are supposed to talk to him inside the room and keep his attention diverted while the third goes upstairs above him and swings down on a rope outside his window and kicks him back into the room."

"It's a good plot," Cantavo said. "Why didn't you let me know? Our band is famed for our 'attention diverting.'"

"God help us if you decide to serve in the cause of justice, too," Graham groaned.

"At what theater will I meet you? Sit in the back row so I can find you," Henderson said to Cantavo.

"I'm going to see 'Men and Children First' at the National. I'll be there at three o'clock."

"Make it two-thirty. Our big feature is coming on at that time."

"The Mystery Man!" Cantavo exclaimed. "I'd completely forgotten."

As soon as Graham and Henderson left, Cantavo telephoned to Tim Marsten and gave him Mrs. Bostwick's information about Mary. "I thought you should know, Tim," Cantavo ended.

(Continued on page 34)

Sometimes They Like It

*The story of a girl who could listen
to the truth. Don't emulate the hero
—if you happen to be a bachelor*

By Josephine Bentham

SALLY HENDERSON was impressed by the restaurant, and pretending not to be impressed. The waiters hovered, graver than bishops, while Jonas ordered snails in a spice-scented sauce and duck roasted with orange. Little Sally Henderson, from Petersville, Iowa, was in awe of the waiters but not of course in awe of Jonas. The waiters moved softly away and Jonas turned back to Sally with a smile. She was twiddling her little rings—and sending timid, appraising glances about the room.

"When I was waiting for you," he explained, "I got the same old ice in my palms. You know? While I was waiting for you to come out of the elevator. Why didn't you let me meet your train?"

"Well, I wanted to surprise you—and then I came with a friend of mine so it was perfectly all right—she teaches history at home and she went to stay with some relatives in Flushing."

"But you, Miss Sally Henderson—do you have to stay bang in the middle of Times Square?"

Sally eyed the snails in restrained alarm.

"Yes," she said at last. "It's not as if I were here to see Grant's tomb or something. And I thought it would be a good address. Jonas! You remember my voice?"

"That," he said, "is a foolish question."

And, as he looked at her, the seven years did not exist, and she was seventeen again, singing in the dusk—and he was at her feet again, a lad bewitched. So, without effort, could he evoke the scent of rambler roses, and the feeling under his foot of that rotting plank in the walk that turned off Mulberry Street.

"I want to sing for the radio," she was saying. "I had a lot of encouragement back home—I won prizes in a couple of amateur performances and you remember Mr. Beeckman, Jonas? He said I sang a lot better than most of the people they hire at the big studios!"

Her eyes, he thought, were as blue as the sky at morning. And then he thought of the sky, wide and friendly, over Petersville.

"Well, I can give you a letter to Benjie Lewis," he told her. "Benjie's the big shot, you know, with WKC."

"Thank you, Jonas," said Sally.

Her tone held that faint condescension which women feel toward men who are faithful without reward. It did not seem strange that Jonas should still be faithful because, as they said in Petersville, he was the type. He was a gentle young man, of a most unassuming manner: it

They went to a night club. Sally listened, pretending that this wasn't different from anything in Petersville

was difficult for any one in Petersville to realize that he had become important in New York. The years—and their vicissitudes—had not changed him in the least.

Jonas had found his way to his curious profession by failing in that very career which had been intimated in the Class Prophecy, back in '28. He had not been successful in the theater, either as actor or playwright—or even as property man. Nor had he fared much better in Hollywood until a chance encounter with the great Paul Rothenberg had revealed his uncanny instinct—that is to say, a power of logical divination combined with the fleeting touch of a rabbit's foot—in regard to the talents of other people.

THERE are odd vocations in the modern world. After Jonas had discovered and developed the beautiful Maida Anderson—much as a clever photographer might develop a good print from a poor negative—he had gone on to an even more sensational triumph in regard to Katherine Travers, the bartender's daughter. The Travers' name at this very moment was pricked out in light above a thousand theaters. Very few people were acquainted with Jonas Cole's name—but it had become important. He was a talent scout—and Rothenberg, the crafty old patriarch of RGN Pictures, frequently telephoned from Hollywood for his advice. Jonas had his own suite of offices in a steel-and-chromium tower in East Fifty-second Street; he had his own secretaries, research experts, cameramen, coaches and electricians. It was a new profession and Jonas was on the top of it; he didn't need to run up any flag.

"I'll give you all the help I can," he was saying, "but I can't imagine you in one of these rackets."



She was annoyed. "Well," he said, placatingly, "it's nice to think of you taking down notes for one of Mr. Beeckman's speeches for the Republican Convention. And then coming home before it's too late for a set of tennis—did the Carters ever get that court rolled? And is Jimmy Adams still the coming champion?"

IT WAS his involved way of asking her if she still went to the movies with Jimmy Adams. She cast a secretive smile upon the roast duck.

"Jimmy married Alma Nelson last spring," she said. "Jimmy's not so good-looking any more. He's got a little—pudgy."

Jonas was pleased, and he knew why he was pleased. He did not tell himself that he knew more beautiful women than Sally Henderson. Nor did he tell himself that he knew more intelligent or more glamorous women. There were the

glittering smiles of these worldlings to adorn the walls of his office, but there was a faded snapshot of Sally in the Florentine billfold that Rothenberg had given him. Sally, in the snapshot, was standing in a cornfield; she was smiling self-consciously and even squinting a little to protect her eyes from the sun. But she was Sally Henderson, and not to be compared with other women.

"It's funny, isn't it?" he said aloud.

"What's funny, Jonas?"

"That seven years haven't made any difference. I wonder how many times I've asked you to marry me, Sally?"

Sally smiled at him over the rim of her wine glass.

"Eleven times," she told him.

"Then this is the twelfth. We could have a penthouse and grow corn in the window boxes and read Carl Sandburg again. There's never been anybody like you. I—how about it, Sally?"

"I'm sorry," said Sally.

And she went on to explain that she must make something of herself. It was that despairing outcry which he heard every day—but strange to hear from Sally Henderson.

He said nothing more of marriage. They went to a night club uptown, and they heard a world-famous brown girl sing a song about love. Sally listened with an indulgent smile, tapping the ash from her cigarette, pretending that this wasn't very different from anything in Petersville. But she was enchanted. And it was wonderful to dance with Peter again. For the girls who grew up in Petersville knew as much about dancing as the girls who came out in New York. And Sally was one of the best.

It was not until some ragged gray hour of the morning that she recalled his promise.

"Yes," he said, nodding solemnly, "I'll phone Benjie Lewis the minute I get to the office. And I'll ask him as a personal favor to me—for a friend of mine from home—"

SALLY said afterward that Benjie Lewis had been prejudiced from the very beginning. He only wanted people with names. And he had simply refused to see her after the audition. None of Jonas' other friends had been any more open-minded. They simply couldn't recognize a good natural voice when they heard it. But if she'd had a name they'd be falling all over themselves with contracts. That was obvious.

"You only have to listen," she said, "to the people who are *paid* to broadcast!"

"The town's tough," he muttered.

Sally looked at the rose which Miss Dayton, the perfect secretary, had put in a slender silver vase upon her employer's desk.

"Well, I've spent almost all my money," she said slowly. "I suppose I'll have to go home."

She was trying not to cry. She put out her finger and stroked the fluted surface of the silver vase. He said to her what he had said, in substance, to a thousand other girls.

"There are worse places than Petersville," he told her.

But this time he meant it. Sally looked away from him, attempting to control a certain wayward activity upon the part of her chin.

"It's not that," she said.

YES, Petersville was all right—but it was not all right to have left Petersville, boasting more than a little, only to come slinking back to old Mr. Beeckman's political speeches. This sad little story, told most frequently in silences, was familiar enough to Jonas. But it was intolerable that it should be Sally's story. Jonas began to pace up and down the room, pulling at his cigarette and scowling.

She was a little afraid that he was going to ask her to marry him again. Sometimes she wearied of Jonas' devotion. Well, perhaps the incense was a trifle stale in her nostrils. She would have agreed that the idol may become tired of contemplating his own perfection—in the eyes of the idolator.

But this time he surprised her.

"Sally," he said, "did you ever think of going into pictures?"

"Why, no! Why, Jonas, I'm not the type! I've always known that it was my voice that—well, you're not even rational where I'm concerned, darling."

And, as she spoke, she was aware of a fleeting pity for him. It was the pity of the idol for the idolator.

Jonas sighed.

"I've got to get one thing straight," he said. "I think you have an idea that I'm some sort of agent. I'm not. It's a little more complicated than that. When I see likely screen material, it's generally material, you know—not the finished product."

"Well," said Sally, smiling at him indulgently, "if there's anything wrong with me—"

"Anything *wrong* with you? Why, my dear girl, there's everything in the world wrong with you!"

"With—me?"

Jonas nodded.

"You'd have to work—and work hard, Sally. You'd have everything to learn—everything. I'd have to tell you what was the matter with you—although as far as I'm concerned there's nothing the matter with you. . . . Sally! Won't you marry me?"

She shook her head, too dazed to speak.

"Well," he said, gloomily, "I'd have to be pretty rough—and I'm not sure that you could take it."

"Jonas Cole," she said to him, "I could take everything you had to hand me and like it. I'd ask for more. If I thought I had a chance in the world to go into pictures—if I just thought—"

"All right," he said.

HE TOOK one or two turns around the room; then he lit another cigarette and looked her over from head to foot as if he had never seen her before. Sally smiled at him, and squirmed a little.

"You're five feet four, and you weigh about a hundred and twenty, don't you, Sally? Yes, that's good enough. You need a better girdle. . . . Your bone structure is good, features aren't bad. . . . we could have that upper tooth straightened without much trouble. . . . and your eyes, of course, are all right."

"Well, that wasn't as awful as I'd thought it would be," said Sally, relaxing. "But I realize, of course, that my voice—"

"Your voice," said Jonas, "is terrible!"

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAY HYDE BARNUM





Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Some of the most absurd fashions in history have been followed by men. One of the classics, which came into vogue among the noblemen of 17th-century England, was the wearing of lovelocks, two long locks of hair that came down the sides of the head and reposed gracefully on the chest. Each lock was nicely curled and tied with a dainty ribbon.

The largest and wildest foot race ever run took place in the diamond fields of Lichtenburg, South Africa, in 1927, when more than 80,000 prospectors, at a given signal, dashed to stake out claims.—By Mrs. H. D. Harris, Johannesburg, South Africa.

Torpedoes are not fired from battleships and submarines like other projectiles. Owing to their great weight, they are propelled and controlled by their own mechanism, which comprises a compressed-air engine, depth-control device, gyroscopic steering gear and other expensive machinery that, incidentally, runs their cost up to about \$10,000 apiece.

Many persons cannot cry because their tear ducts do not function; many have a constant fever without any apparent disorder to cause it; many develop a temporary condition in which their fingers do not bleed when cut, while others have a form of defective vision in which they see only part of an object—such as only half of a man as he walks before them.

In 1913 Venus was so bright, as she passed through her period of great brilliance which occurs every eighth year, that few recognized her. Millions in Europe and Asia believed the light to be that of an enemy airship. In one Russian town the citizens actually fired their rifles at her.—By Ruth Elizabeth Sheldon, The Dalles, Oregon.

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A rare aquatic catastrophe occurred recently when an excessive amount of decaying vegetable matter absorbed all the air in a lake in Connecticut. Its own seaweed was killed by a sudden drop in temperature and a heavy rain washed more dead vegetation into it. Consequently, several days later, every one of the lake's 400,000 fish died of suffocation.—By David Tomlinson, Wallingford, Connecticut.

England and Germany have not forgotten to honor the 783,000 horses that were killed in the World War, an average of 500 every 24 hours during those four and more years. Memorials dedicated to their memory have been erected in London and Hanover.

The only sound that does not echo, even under the most favorable conditions, is the hiss.

A new commercial scale not only registers but also makes a permanent printed record of its readings on one or a number of other scale dials connected with it electrically. Through its installation a factory can have a "weight control room" where one man can watch and regulate all the weighing operations throughout the entire plant.

The Leaning Tower of Pisa is not unique. Similar structures exist all over the world, and some are even higher and more out of perpendicular than that of Pisa. They are campaniles, steeples, pagodas, minarets and lighthouses such as the Portoferraio on Elba. One giant minaret in Samarkand, Russia, leans so far over that it has to be supported by thousands of feet of heavy steel cable.—By Wadad K. Makdissi, Beirut, Syria.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

"My voice—"

"Yes. Your voice. It's terrible!"

There was, at this point, a silence.

"I'll have to give you the straight dope on this," he continued. "Benjie Lewis and all the others called me up and told me they'd have given you a chance if it had been humanly possible. But Benjie had to go out and have a drink after that audition. Your voice is awful."

Sally began to put on her gloves.

"Well, of course, if that's the way you feel about it—" she said, from an incredible distance.

"No," he said. "It has nothing to do with the way I feel about it."

"You always said that you loved to hear me sing!"

"Of course! I'd rather hear you sing than all the stars of the Metropolitan with the Mills brothers thrown in. That has nothing to do with it, Sally. Take off those gloves and stop being dumb."

Sally hesitated.

"All right," she said. "First round—Battling Jonas."

"That's more like it. Now—we get down to the question of type. That's pretty important. You see most women can never make up their minds whether they're kittens or panthers—doves or hawks. They're a little of this and a little of that. They're influenced by the last movie they've seen or the last novel they've read. They're a mess. And that's what you are, Sally. . . . What are you doing?"

"I'm counting to ten," she said. "All right—go on."

"Now you, for instance—you're a well-brought-up little girl—a darned good American type. But half the time you're not being yourself. You have too many acts. We've got to change all that. And as for your type—Rothenberg's falling for it right now, because he thinks it's the next thing the public's going to fall for. The well-bred girl. Not mysterious and melancholy and foreign. And not Fourteenth Street pagan. But that silver-teaspoon look—do you know what I mean?"

"Well, if you think I have it—"

"Oh, no! Not by a long shot!"

"Well, at least—" cries Sally, outraged. "Well, at least I'd have thought—when you know my mother and my whole f-family—"

"That's exactly it. I know your mother—and so I know how far you've slipped. You've forgotten almost everything your mother ever taught you—you've taken your speech and your manners and your clothes from actresses that Rothenberg himself took out of Avenue A—ten years ago." Jonas looked thoughtful. "Rothenberg's a character. He didn't have a pair of shoes until he was fourteen years old—this very day he doesn't know his syntax from the tax on sin—but when he's talking about a gentlewoman he knows what he's talking about. And remember—I'm getting you ready for Rothenberg."

"Yes," said Sally, blankly. "But I don't want to seem—"

"There!" cried Jonas. "There's a good example. 'I dowanna' for 'I don't want to' and 'becus' for 'because' and 'lemme' for 'let me'—see how disgusting it is?"

Sally reddened.

"Yes, but—"

"And your posture, of course—that's unspeakably bad. . . ."

That was only the beginning.

SALLY had taken it very well. But the better they were about taking it, the more they resented the ordeal. Jonas knew that. Maida Anderson had never forgiven him for understanding her. And Katherine Travers tried not to see him when she came to New York: she owed him too much. For the truth, as everybody knows, can hurt like a surgical knife—and, in this profession, there was no such thing as an anesthetic.

But Jonas spared neither Sally nor himself. Sally was sent to the great Pauline Jordon in regard to her diction, and to an irascible individual whose name was Sam Peters in regard to her breathing and posture. She rang all the changes on the letter "a" and then, bidding good day to Miss Jordon, she permitted Sam Peters to knead and pummel her, to berate her at length and to speak very, very disparagingly of her diaphragm. And there were, of course, the screen tests and the long, nerve-racking sessions with Sidney Dean, who was Jonas Cole's hypercritical dramatic coach. For weeks Sally Henderson went to bed at nine, to cry herself to sleep in the overwhelming conviction that she was awkward and homely, vapid-faced, tongue-tied, heavy-footed and extraordinarily dumb.

Of course Jonas was kind, but he didn't dare to be too kind. It wouldn't be long before the final screen tests should be ready for Rothenberg—and there wasn't much time to lose.

THEN one day Jonas announced a slackening of the schedule. She was to come with him, he said, to a cocktail party—in the dress that Carl Guthries, of Fifty-seventh Street, had designed for her.

"You see," he explained, "it's about time for you to rise and shine. This party's at Sylvia Bryson's—and everybody will be there, rolling their hoops."

Sally nodded—looking rather anxious.

"I owe a lot to you, Jonas."

"You won't forget that, will you?"

"No."

"That's too darned bad," said Jonas, sighing. "But now—there's only one thing to remember. Don't be anybody but yourself. Remember that there's no act like no act. All set?"

"All set," said Sally firmly.

But she was a little afraid. It was so important that people should like her. Jonas had explained that if you were a success in New York, people on the Coast were impressed and that, afterward, people in New York were impressed because you had been a success on the Coast.

Jonas saw that Sally was going to go over. She was lovely and cool in the great overheated room—and her voice, trained by Pauline Jordon, remained as low as if she had been talking to someone she loved in an autumn garden.

Sally did not think about herself. No woman in a dress designed by Carl Guthries could possibly have had an inferiority complex. But Sally was a bit dazed by the names she had met, names that were actually people, shrieking and cooing and shouting at one another. There were people who had written books and there were people about whom books had been written. The writers seemed a hungry lot, forever nibbling Miss Bryson's canapés, which were simply round wafers spread with something like beige toothpaste. A famous opera star paused on the threshold, sending forth a shower of notes from her pet aria and then swooped into the room to embrace an emaciated-looking man wearing a pince-nez who, it seemed, conducted the most widely read sports column in the country. There were several actresses here, old and fretful, and several columnists, young and fretful. But Sally saw all of these people, touched with enchantment.

Jonas introduced Gordon Welles, the middle-aged playwright who'd written "Darling for Dinner." And now she had her first moment of real panic, because the people in "Darling for Dinner" were scintillatingly witty even when they asked the butler for a drink. She waited for Mr. Welles' first remark in a kind of mental crouch.

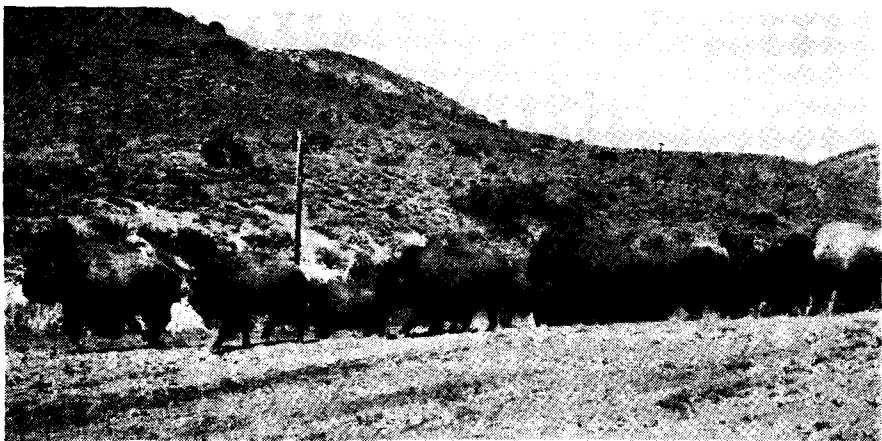
"It's mighty warm for this time of year," said Mr. Welles.

(Continued on page 52)

Going! Going! Gone!

The same civilization that makes our lives easier to live has done its best to wipe out the lives of our wild animal and bird neighbors. Fortunately, we have decided that it's time to stop the slaughter and restore their rights. It's a long but a necessary job

By Quentin Reynolds



A herd of American bison on Catalina Island

DEATH came to the heath hen very peacefully. He just sighed and gave up the ghost. After all, he was ten years old and that's senility to a heath hen. Usually they die much younger. But this was a proud old bird and perhaps his pride kept him alive those past few years. He was proud because he was the last of his line—the only one of his race left.

There was a time when the heath hen was as common as drifting leaves in the autumn. There was the time not so long ago when they roamed the Atlantic seaboard from Maryland to Maine. But gradually, imperceptibly at first, their number decreased. The guns of hunters, of course, accounted for many but the real fight for survival was between the heath hen and civilization. And civilization, marching forward relentlessly, won.

There came a time when people whose business it is to notice such things began to comment on the scarcity of the heath hen. And suddenly they realized that the coast, except for Martha's Vineyard, was absolutely barren of the species. It was 1916 and they counted eight hundred heath hens on Martha's Vineyard—and none anywhere else. Gradually the eight hundred dwindled. In 1920 there were 314; in 1922 there were seventy-five; in 1923 but twenty-three were left and in 1928 just three heath hens survived. Three left out of hundreds of thousands. In December of 1928 they counted again—and now only one hardy survivor was left. He was a sturdy male bird but a lonely one. Year after year he flew around Martha's Vineyard crying for his friends. Eventually, of course, he must have realized that he was the last one left. Then he died.

Civilization had wiped out a species. Civilization is a pretty tough opponent. He may not hit as hard as Joe Louis, and he doesn't move so quickly, but in the long run he always wins.

Wild life in this country has put up a noble fight against its greatest foe, but inexorably civilization has advanced, forcing wild life back to its last frontiers. One species after another has been either exterminated completely or reduced to pitiful remnants.

When the first Forty-niner was plod-

ding west he found a continent teeming with wild life of every description.

It's a pity that he didn't travel by plane instead of by prairie schooner. If he'd had one of today's planes he might have taken a trip across the continent and his eyes would have beheld some wonderful sights. He could have looked down upon thousands and thousands of elk wherever he went. Even in the East he would have seen elk. As a matter of fact, the first white men to ascend the Potomac River were so impressed with the number of elk they saw that they named a Maryland river which empties into Chesapeake Bay the Elk River. Today? Today there are a few scattered, frightened elk trying to keep their health and their teeth in the foothills of the mountains far west of the Mississippi.

Hunting versus Shooting

Our Forty-Niner would have seen literally millions of bison (buffalo to you) roaming from Pennsylvania west to Idaho; from North Dakota south to Texas. The Indians shot them in great numbers, but they didn't kill them just for the fun of it. The Indians, in fact, never went "shooting" as do our modern sportsmen. They went "hunting" and they hunted only when they needed food or skins for clothing or tepees. Bison were everywhere—even in the East—and it is a matter of record that once bison played on the site where the present Capitol stands. Which may or may not be why the bison's head is on our five-cent pieces. Now there are only a few scattered remnants left. They wander disconsolately over the plains of Wyoming and Nebraska or peer soulfully from behind the wire fences of our zoos.

Mr. Forty-Niner might have been astonished and a bit apprehensive to see black bear lumbering under the wild grapevines and the chestnut trees of our forests. The black bear was very important in several ways to the Indians, for he gave them the fats and oils which were so important to their diet—important because the Indian had learned that fats and oils would warm him internally just as fur would warm him externally. Now there are a few black bear in the



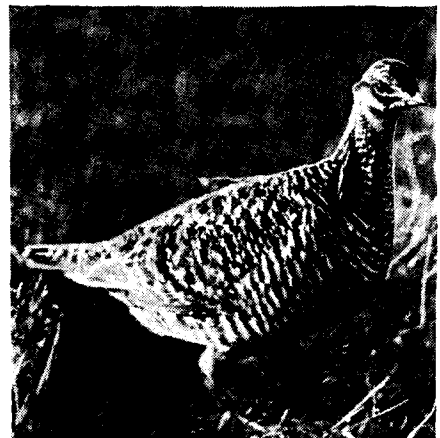
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DR. ALFRED GROSS

Above, top, a young moose on a Canadian game preserve, and a mother raccoon carrying a kitten out of danger. Below is a fishing otter, and the last survivor of the now extinct heath-hen species



WIDE WORLD



ACME

Top, a California mountain lion, and one of our vanishing elk

West and, oddly enough, there are some in Florida and Pennsylvania, but they are as rare as philanthropic landlords and about as difficult to find.

The weird cries of the mountain lions might have drummed an eerie symphony in the ears of Mr. Forty-Niner had he flown over either the Adirondacks or the Rockies. He would have been frightened, probably, not knowing that the mountain lion is actually a timid animal and that its cry, which sounds like the scream of a frightened woman, is the result of his fear of the dark. Today he screams only in the highest recesses of the Western mountains and that's all right too, for the mountain lion was never much help to anyone. He was always a one for killing livestock and edible cousins less strong than himself.

More Vanished Americans

The noble moose who once lived and laughed wherever there were forests of birch and aspen and tamarack, but who especially liked the climate of the northern New England States and the Lake States, would have given Mr. Forty-Niner food for thought as well as for stomachs. Today the moose has retreated to Maine and a few cousins of his still survive in Montana and northern Minnesota, but they are very scarce.

The caribou was very plentiful when the gold hunters started west in 1849. They might have recognized him as the (if you'll pardon the use of a couple of very good-looking words) genus *Rangifer* or so-called reindeer as they were known in Europe. The caribou liked the cold—the dope—and he strayed all over the northern parts of this country and from there on up north to arctic islands and Greenland. Now? Listen to this: Today there are exactly twelve caribou left in the United States and they huddle

(Continued on page 53)

Call It Fun

By Ruth Carson

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

With some it's a hobby or exercise or a social distinction, but if you get right down to it tap dancing is grand fun. Besides, it puts you in a class with Fred Astaire and other light-footed people. Fast, merry company!

PUT your ear to the ground and you'll hear it. Go out on the street corner, preferably in Camden, New Jersey, in Philadelphia or Boston and you'll see it. Ten to one the life of the party is doing it. Fat ladies, ambitious boys and girls, gay young things, the neighborhood kids—everybody's at it. It's on the boards for the firemen's benefit, gyms and country clubs resound with it; from Broadway to Hollywood it's on the bill.

And the movies started it. This tap, brush, shuffle, step that is swishing and clacking over the land, danced into the movies as a show window. And thence tap dancing went right to the top of popular indoor—and outdoor—sports. With Fred Astaire whirling Ginger Rogers over the silver screen to remind men of their dancing graces, Eleanor Powell putting the girls on their heels and toes, James Barton and Bill Robinson setting audiences to jigging and tapping time to their perfect rhythms, and Shirley Temple rousing fond mammas to the display possibilities of their little darlings, glamor, pure and unaccomplished, is taking a back seat in popular favor and gayety and the rhythmic graces have moved up front.

Such a dancing stir has not been known since the Castles ruled the ballrooms. Dancing schools are refurbishing up their extra studios for tapping, adaptations of popular screen numbers are swelling the ballroom dancing classes, and no dancing teacher is now graduated full-fledged without tapping in his repertoire. Hollywood is keeping both eyes and ears out for a second Eleanor Powell and a second Fred Astaire, and enthusiasm for tapping has reached such a pitch among the stars that Joan Crawford, Eleanor's

favorite actress, rushes up on the lot like a schoolgirl to meet the Eleanor Powell. Nor does all the tapping talent of Hollywood come out on the screen. Gag men, extras, you never know who, can show you a step or two—just for fun, or with an eye to the future. For tapping is coming to be considered a necessary talent in Hollywood. Witness Rudy Vallee who, being too busy to take time off to learn it, asked Lew Lewis, dancing teacher, to go about with him for three weeks. Come a free few minutes after the fan mail was opened in the morning, in an elevator going up to a broadcast, between numbers, at two or three in the morning, and they would go into their steps. Lew lost twenty pounds in the process of trailing Rudy but Rudy learned to tap.

Arguments about favorite screen stars are sharing honors with arguments about the greatest tap dancers. The Dancing Masters of America call Eleanor Powell the foremost woman tapper, and Bill Robinson the leading man, and there is no doubt of the place Fred Astaire has captured in the public fancy. There are those who swear by the classic rhythms of an Escudero, others who acclaim James Barton, at the moment deserting the fiber sole for the shoes of

Jeeter Lester in Tobacco Road, as one of the greatest dancers of all time. The late Jack Donohue is recalled as the leading American tapper, and young Hal LeRoy of Cincinnati is nominated as his successor. People grow starry-eyed in memory of George Primrose, for whom the primrose step, now shuffling through the public schools of the country to the tune of Down Upon the Swanee River, was named.

But the fact of the matter is there is more to this tap dancing than mere tapping, and there are stars in every field. There's the easy shuffling of soft shoe for which Primrose was known, the quick, brisk taps of hard shoe with which Bill Robinson wins your applause. The rhythmic, flowing grace of Fred Astaire has the classic ballet for its background and Eleanor Powell's famous turns are also the product of a perfect ballet

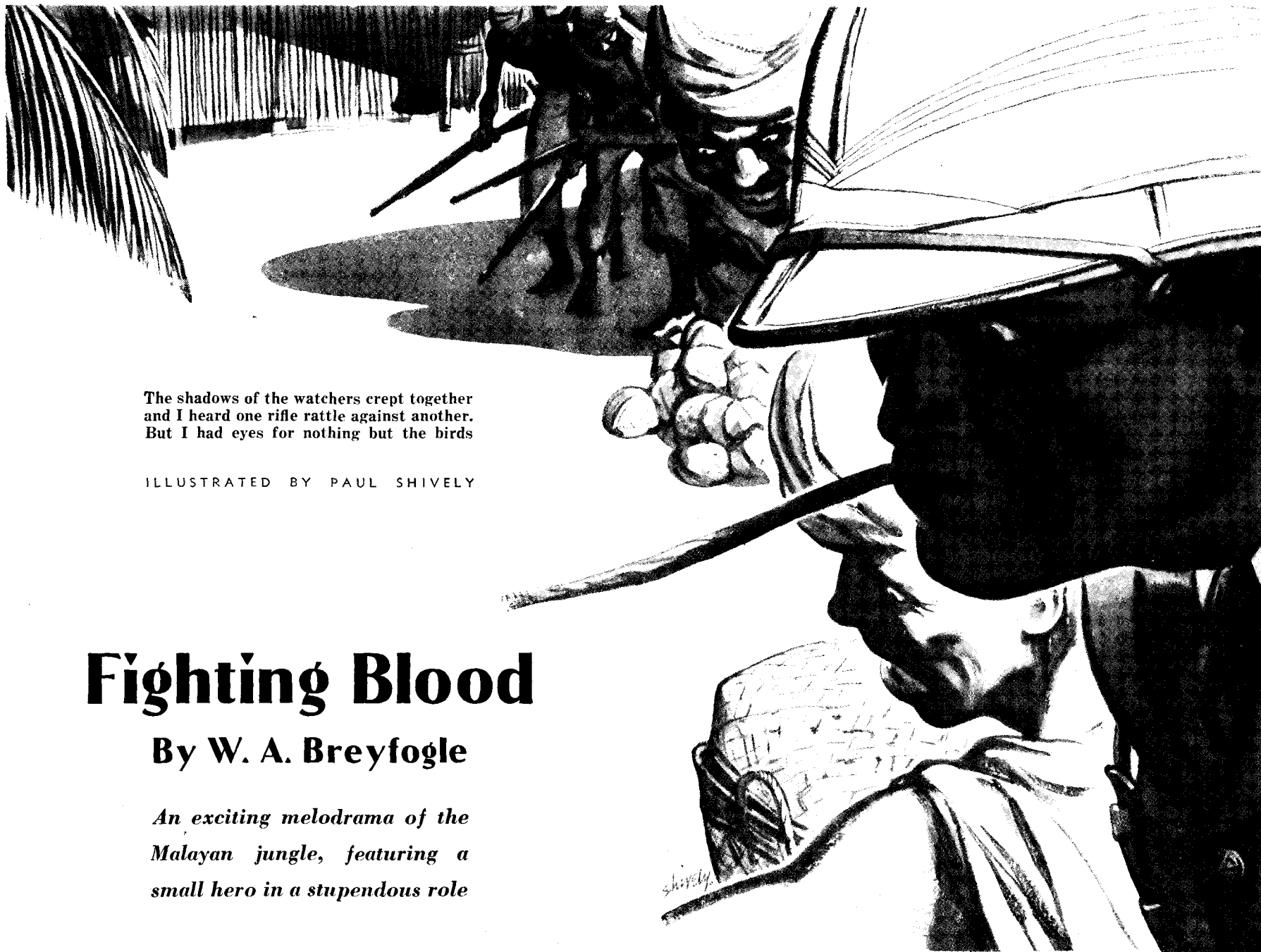
(Continued on page 49)



Above: Eleanor Powell, now tapping and starring in *At Home Abroad*, gives you an after-curtain show



Center: Up in the air ballet-wise to vary a tap routine and (above) grace and fun in every step



The shadows of the watchers crept together
and I heard one rifle rattle against another.
But I had eyes for nothing but the birds

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL SHIVELY

Fighting Blood

By W. A. Breyfogle

*An exciting melodrama of the
Malayan jungle, featuring a
small hero in a stupendous role*

THAT day, my part of Korinchi was very quiet. Nothing moved but Whisky, the gamecock, and he merely strutted about in the sunlight at the foot of the steps. I was alone on the porch of the bungalow, for Andrews had gone to take a bath and change his clothes. His twenty men were resting in the barracks. A deceptive peace lay over Korinchi. My servant, Ali, might have been coming only to ask what I wanted for lunch. He made a respectful circle about Whisky. The bird had an eye cocked at his bare, brown feet. Ali watched him while he gave me his message.

"I spoke with a man from beyond Gat Kalor, who had word from hunters that the old Rajah with his band is moving this way. He has plundered three villages, and taken slaves from the people of the hills. Meeting one of the Tuan's patrols, he caused his fighting men to fire and flee. A soldier was slain. There is great fear in Gat Kalor."

Knowing a little, a very little, of the Malay mind, I let a decent interval pass before replying.

"All this is known. But will the old Rajah and his people pass by the river ford, coming to Gat Kalor?"

"Tuan, if it be God's will. But without canoes there is no other crossing."

"Were there many slaves of the hill people?"

"Tuan, there were seven, and they bore the plunder of the villages."

Such reports, dutifully passed along to him, had brought upon me a vigorous reproof in the colonial governor's own abrupt handwriting. The letter lay

on the bamboo table at my side. Sir Edward was at an utter loss to understand this trouble in Korinchi. He wanted it stopped. He wanted an end to these forays of Rajah Alrah's.

I SAT on the porch of my bungalow, waiting for Andrews, and looked at Whisky. Looking at the gamecock was not really irrelevant to the matter in hand. He was a little terror. He routed the dogs and put the Malay's casual pigs to squealing flight. When the amok took him, he attacked my soldiers. I think he would have flown at an elephant or a water buffalo. There was no mistaking that bright, malevolent eye, the sharp spur and the stout heart. Though elsewhere in Korinchi, for the most part, the robber chieftains and petty tyrants had gone to join their turbulent fathers, one of them was still left. He strutted at my very doorstep. Whisky and Rajah Alrah were a pair.

I settled back in my chair, recalling what I knew about Alrah. In my first two years in Korinchi, I had encountered him only as a fearful legend, current throughout my district. The stories of his praus along the coast and his raiding parties inland met me wherever I went. If the other chiefs accepted my coming, it was largely because of their dread of Rajah Alrah.

He ruled a hard-bitten little kingdom of his own on a rocky peninsula, actually a spur of the hills thrust out into the sea. For my first two years he was too busy in his own country to make trouble for me. I had to thank a presumptuous nephew for that, a pre-

tender to Alrah's throne. We heard that the fighting was long and bitter. But without gunboats intervention would have been impossible. And, besides, I knew what his neighbors thought of Alrah. It was my theory that the more fighting he did within his kingdom the less he would do outside. When word came that the nephew had been caught and summarily slain, I expected mere exhaustion to keep the Rajah at peace. No expectation could have been more ill-founded.

Andrews came out, in a clean uniform, and I told him what Ali had reported. "The first view-halloo, and the word that came up last night was true. Besides, it's like the Rajah to turn up where no one expected him. I'm afraid I've got to send you off to the river, to wait for him there."

In Korinchi, ten steps into the jungle involved one in a monstrous game of hide-and-seek. Andrews and his twenty men had come back from a week of that, and they showed it. But a colonial governor is not lightly to be defied, and Sir Edward had been most explicit. Andrews grinned. "Rotten job—a police officer's!"

"Oh, you can have the resident's, and my blessing with it! While you're gone I have to write a report to Sir Edward and explain just why we have an outlaw on our hands."

"I know my place," said Andrews hastily. "Compared with a report to the governor, my little jaunt is nothing. You'll explain—won't you?—that we're taking 'vigorous measures.'"

A favorite phrase with Sir Edward.

From the yard Whisky made a small and cryptic sound, like a jeer. He startled us. "Sardonic little chap," Andrews said. "How much do you suppose he knows?"

I shook my head. "They call Alrah the Gamecock. If the Malays were doing this, they'd sacrifice that bird before starting off after his namesake. Shall we try it?"

"Not yet. Perhaps we'll have to, if the worse comes to the worst. But I have a notion that Whisky is a great chief of the old times, reincarnated. We ought to be respectful to him."

He laughed and took himself off to the barracks.

ANDREWS paraded his men for my inspection. When he had gone, I was unaccountably restless. A trick of my nerves that silence brought apprehension with it? I couldn't tell. The place was very quiet. It did no good to assure myself that thinking of early times there always left me ill at ease, dissatisfied with the work that had been given me to do. This was something else, an uneasiness I should have been ashamed of. Ali came out on noiseless feet to set the table for my solitary lunch. He made me jump.

My thoughts were gloomy. To put them out of mind, I asked Ali about the stir in the village that day. All morning I had seen Malays coming and going, mostly with baskets in their arms. Their brown figures traced a pattern for my eyes to follow, while my thoughts were elsewhere. "A feast?" I asked

(Continued on page 56)

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There *isn't* any

TOO BAD that John Greenleaf Whittier, who wrote *Snowbound*, couldn't have lived until today! No one now knows what it is to be "snowbound": the automobile, which has conquered Space and Time—reducing miles to minutes—has leveled out the seasons and robbed winter of its threat and power.

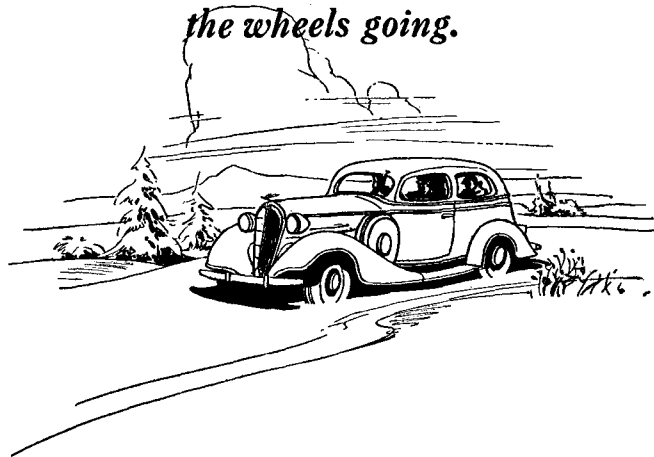
Have you ridden in one of the newest automobiles? If not, you have a real thrill coming.

They are built, like a ship, for hard use and all weathers. They are air-conditioned with perfected heating and ventilating systems. The new alloy steel springs make even rough roads easy riding and safe.

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Hooping It Up

Law and order have entered basketball and the moans of the old-time sock-and-score players can be heard above the referee's busy whistle. Too many rules, they say, spoil the brawl.

By Kyle Crichton

DRAWINGS BY FRANK OWEN

IN THE course of a year Madison Square Garden experiences a variety of yawps, howls, bellows, grunts and general uproars. What with the prize fights, the burps of the wrestling gentlemen and the insanities of the hockey fans and six-day bike race addicts, there are sounds which would raise the scalp of an African head-hunter. But nothing last season approached the agonized complaint of Mr. Adolph Rupp, coach of the University of Kentucky basketball team, when the referee in the last fifteen seconds of play called a foul which allowed New York University to win the game.

Ordinarily a gentleman who complains of the refereeing gets as little sympathy as the prize fight manager who stands bellowing in his corner that "we wuz robbed." But in this instance when Mr. Rupp hollered, he was leading the hollering for a group extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes and all points west. Mr. Rupp, in more detail, was making the point of his old coach and mentor, Forrest C. (Phog) Allen, of the University of Kansas, who has turned out basketball coaches as Rockne used to manufacture football coaches and has had more winning basketball teams than anybody ever heard of on the face of the American continent.

In short, Mr. Rupp was upholding the Western interpretation of the rules as against the Eastern interpretation. This added to the excitement of New York City, which had been bored with professional basketball when it sought to establish itself as a major sport in the Garden and had been completely won by the collegiate double-headers which had been brought in by a bright young man named Ned Irish. The paying guests were interested in Mr. Rupp's oratory but could scarcely give their full attention to it from their endeavor to get the jangle out of their nerves after a final ten minutes of play which threatened to bring the house down with apoplexy.

What Mr. Rupp was complaining about was the interpretation of the rule on "screening," which has nothing to do with the protection of the spectators but a great deal to do with the technique of modern basketball. Put in its simplest terms, screening is a method of blocking an opponent out of the play without touching him. The East maintains that the mere act of standing before an opponent and requiring him to run around you to get into the play is interference and a foul. The West claims—and calls on the rule book for support—that screening is the only way possible to break a player loose for a shot. When you get into technical differences of this sort, you immediately begin quoting authorities and that inevitably brings in Phog Allen of Kansas. He has been playing the game since 1900 and coaching it continuously at the University of Kansas for the last twenty-two years.

"Screening, my eye!" says Mr. Allen. "The rule book says that a foul can be called only if there is personal contact. They have the rules so balled up in some sections of the country that it's a jail offense to be on the same floor with another man."

That reminded Mr. Allen of the referee who called a foul on a man who neither had the ball nor was near anybody on the floor.

"Foul?" screamed the player in rage. "What'd I do?"

"I detected evil in your eye," said the referee.

That, according to Mr. Allen, is the difference between the rules in the East and in the West.

The point is stressed here because basketball is steadily growing in popularity and has reached such a point of eminence that it is included in the program at the 1936 Olympic games in Berlin. That development also can be credited to Phog Allen, who has been working on it for years.

Call It "Dunking"

"They have teams all over the world," he says. "We've played a Japanese team here at Lawrence and also a Mexican team. They are clever ball handlers and perhaps even better shots than the Americans. Where they lose out is in guarding. They simply haven't got men tall enough to halt these big players of ours. That's why I want the basket raised from twelve feet to fourteen feet. The way it is now, we have these seven-foot centers reaching up and dropping the ball over the rim. I call it dunking. I also call it silly."

There will be teams from France and Germany in the Olympics and several teams from South America, where the sport is said to be flourishing. The most important point is getting the rules and refereeing standardized throughout the world. Otherwise there may be a riot comparable to the one which occurred in Paris last year when an American girls' team lost to a French team. The Americans maintained that the referee, a pleasant man otherwise, had a disturbing habit of altering the rules just at the moment the Americans were about to score. While the ball was in flight for the basket, he would decide that a ball in flight for the basket was automatically illegal, particularly if shot by an American lady. It made for anything but international amity.

At Kansas University, with Mr. Allen, is Dr. James Naismith, the inventor of basketball. The thing was done at Springfield (Massachusetts) Y. M. C. A. College in 1894 in an effort to keep eighteen healthy football men from tearing the place down in the winter months. Among the players was Alonzo Stagg, later to become famous as football coach at Chicago. The Massachusetts winters were long and the football men, easily bored with education, had taken to such

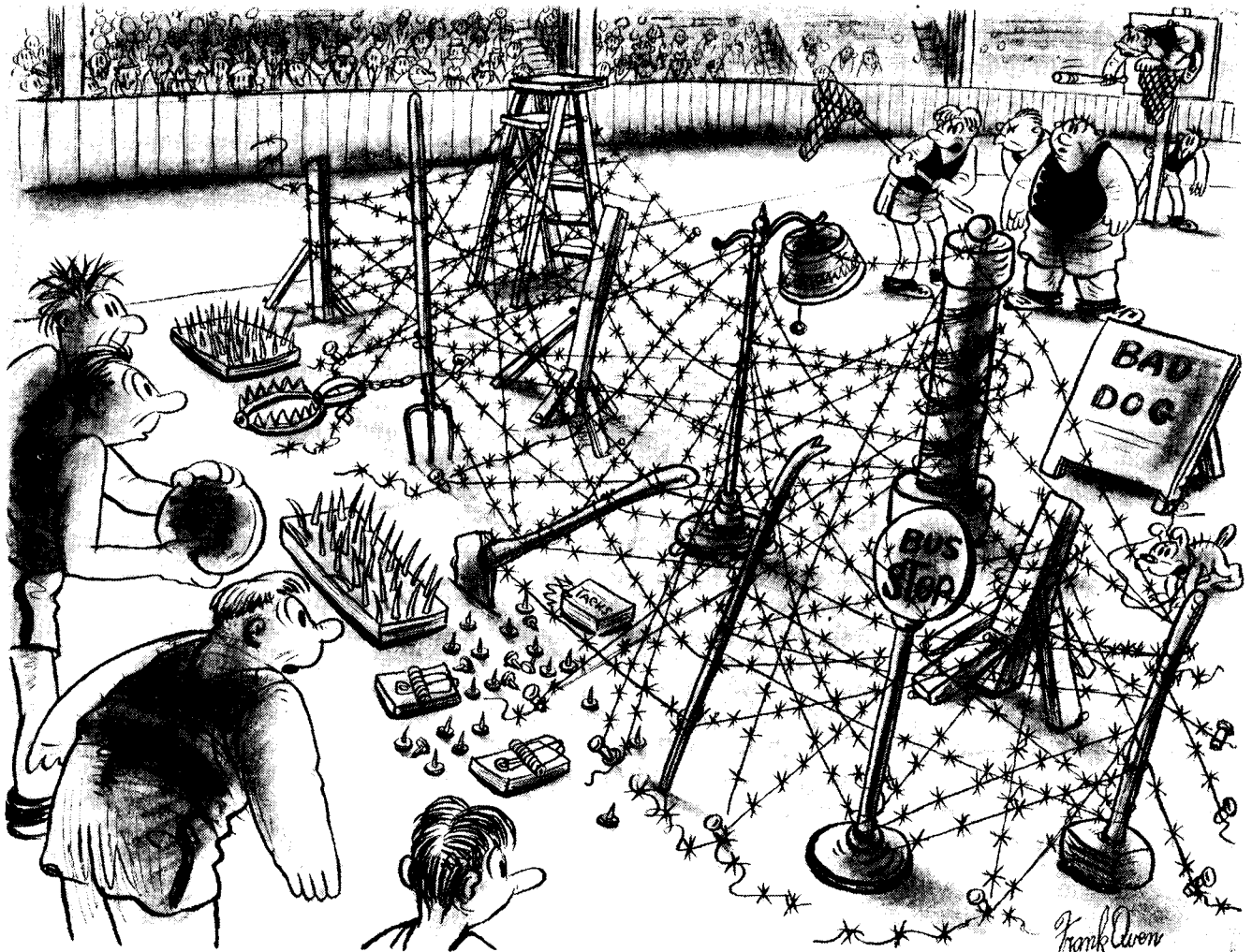
things as yanking the bell out of the chapel tower, knocking professors' hats off with snowballs and setting fire to the English building. In the crisis, Doctor Naismith invented basketball.

Because there were eighteen men involved, the game originally had nine men to the side. They used a soccer ball and a wooden peach basket. After a goal, they took the ball out of the basket and started over again. When they raised the basket to the edge of the balcony railing, they bored a hole in the bottom of the basket and poked the ball out at the top with a stick. Later they had an iron ring and still later the cord basket.

A Game for Six-Footers

"They started with a small ball," says Mr. Allen, "and now we're getting back to it again. The ball has been made smaller every year for the last five years. It's almost at the soccer size again. The only fault is that they still cling to the present height of basket because the railing of the running track at Springfield happened to be that far up. If it had been twenty feet high, we'd probably have it that way still. We had a center last year who was only six feet one, and he looked like a midget against these other fellows in the Missouri Valley neighborhood. We're back to a six-foot-six man now. If that's the way they want it, that's the way it has to be, I suppose. If you'd see those A. A. U. teams at the national tournament, you'd know what I mean. They have whole teams of six-foot-five men, with a few of them even taller. We experimented with the fourteen-foot basket here at Kansas last year and it was a better game. . . . A much better one, I maintain."

The success of basketball in New York



It got so that something had to be done about defense play



Everywhere they're changing to ... as the Year's

Look *around* . . . and look *ahead*. Look around at all the low priced cars—see what Terraplane affords you that none of the others have. Then look ahead, and figure how much the car you buy today will be worth a year or two from now. Will it be modern in style . . . in features?

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Terraplane, alone among all low priced cars, has all the features that will keep it still up to date next year and next and next . . . worth more money *then* to those who buy it *now*.

First—consider style. Terraplane has the one *completely* new style in the low price

field. And buyers everywhere are deciding it's wise to ride the crest of this *new* style wave, rather than the ebb-tide of the old.

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Certainly, extra safety will be worth more a year or two from now. But this greater

safety is here *now* in Terraplane, "safest car on today's highways." The first low priced car with Radial Safety Control (patent applied for) . . . the great *new* safety principle that makes riding, steering and stopping safer.

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Body *all* of steel . . . no car can be up to date without it by the time 1937 rolls around. You might as well have an extra year's use of this advantage too, in Terraplane with the first body really all of steel, clear through to the improved seamless solid steel roof.

Brakes! Ordinary brakes are out of date, now that Terraplane has shown the

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Best Automobile Investment

way with Duo-Automatic Hydraulic Brakes (patent applied for). Big, husky hydraulics, far advanced over hydraulics of the past. And a *separate* reserve braking system that takes hold *automatically*, if ever needed.

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Another year, and no one will be content with a small car. Terraplane meets the trend a year ahead of time, with far more room in its new design than any other low priced car . . . or even cars priced hundreds of dollars higher. On the longest wheelbase

of any of the low priced cars—full 115 inches.

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Try Terraplane with the *next year's* style and features—let it prove itself to you as *this year's* best automobile investment.

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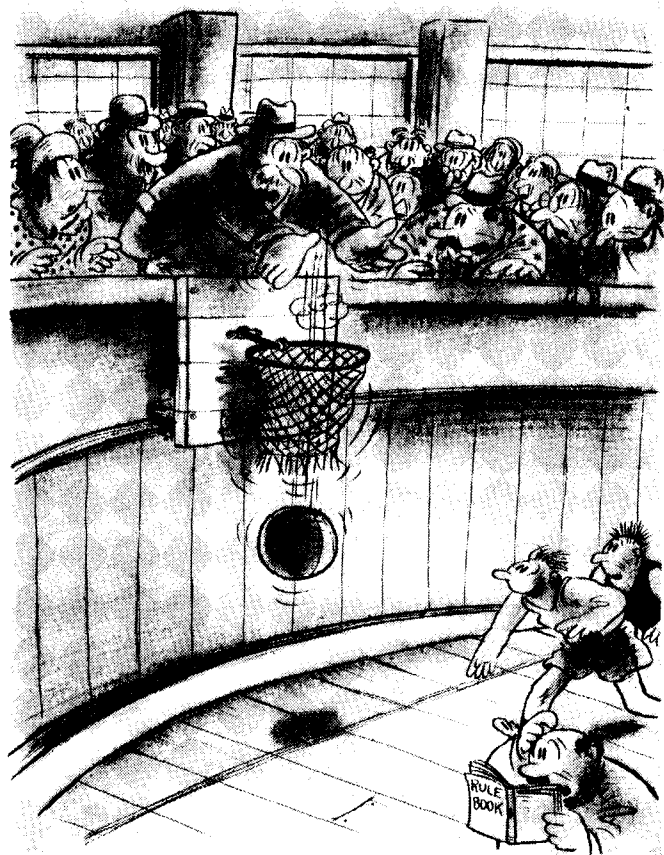
Save . . . with the new low Hudson-
C. I. T. 6% Time Payment Plan

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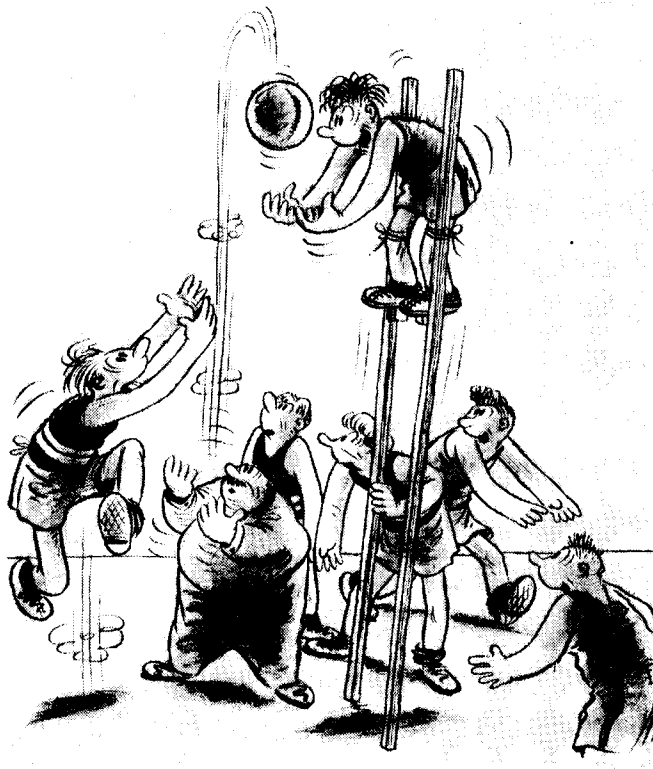
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f. o. b. Detroit*

Standard group of accessories extra
88 or 100 H. P. . . . 115-inch Wheelbase

UP; HUDSON SUPER STRAIGHT EIGHT, \$760 AND UP, F. O. B. DETROIT



One of our plays involved a friend in the gallery



The team with the highest center got the breaks

last year was spectacular but the young men of the Middle West regarded the phenomenon with a yawn. They have been stampeding the armories of that region for the past fifteen years, with crowds of ten thousand and twelve thousand ordinary at such places as Illinois and Iowa State. Originally the game was top-heavy on offense. That was in the days of the two-hand dribble. Such men as McGovern of Minnesota and Meenan of Columbia were unstoppable without fouling them. They would take the ball and weave through the entire opposing team. Dutch Wohlfarth, the wild dribbler of Homestead, was the most spectacular of the professional players. He simply took the ball, put his head down and started straight for the basket, traveling as if by compass. After scattering any opposition in his way, he instinctively looked up when under the basket and popped the ball in. Wohlfarth averaged eight goals a game during a lengthy season in the old Central League.

When that got too bad, the rules committee stopped the two-hand dribble. It was still later that they curbed foul shooting. The foul shot still counts one point when it's made, but in the old days one man shot all the fouls for his side. As a consequence, there were players such as Lubic of Pitt who were machines at popping in the penalty shots. It was a bad night when he didn't get sixteen out of twenty. That was changed when the rules required the man who was fouled to do his own shooting.

Later on some smart gentleman invented the five-man defense, which meant that when a team lost the ball it retreated hurriedly into its own territory and prepared to ward off attack. Until a way was found of breaking through this concrete-trench, barbed-wire entanglement, it was almost impossible to score except by a shot from the middle of the floor.

Still later came the pivot play, by which an overgrown gent stood with his back to the basket near the foul line and fed the ball to his own pals as they came charging through. In order to guard the man making the pivot play, it was necessary to hang fondly over his neck in a manner reminiscent of Paul and

Virginia at the height of their affair. In the games at Madison Square Garden last year, it got to be a joke. It was impossible to guard the pivot man from in front because he could merely turn around then and drop the ball through the hoop. As a result, Klein of N. Y. U. would wrap his arms lovingly around the pivot man—Edwards of Kentucky was one victim—and hold him there so he couldn't pass the ball either forward, backward or through a secret trap door into the cellar. The referee would break it up by calling a held ball and throwing it up for a jump, but that didn't alter the fact that it was a nuisance. The rule has now been changed so the pivot man can be in the pivoting space—known as the "bucket"—no longer than three seconds.

It Used to Be Different

Personally, I don't recognize basketball of this sort. In my day we didn't know anything about screening plays or pivot plays or five-man defense or the delayed offense or any other nonsense. When we had the ball we took it down the floor with brilliant passing and dribbling and scored. When the other side had the ball, it was equally simple. We stopped them. In case there was any difficulty about our offense, we had a plan worked out whereby we passed the ball to a friend sitting in the balcony and he dropped the thing through the basket from aloft. This was very baffling to our opponents and amazed even the officials.

But conditions, alas, have changed. Law and order have entered and spoiled the thing, as usual. Right now there is a battle raging about changes in the rules. There have been projects to eliminate the center jump (because it gives too great an advantage to a team with a giant center, there being a team in Indiana which actually has an eight-foot youth tapping the pill) and to start all plays from the side lines as if they were out-of-bounds plays. This year the ball will be put in play after a successful foul shot by the team scored against from any point out of bounds on the end of the court where the free throw was made. That eliminates the old center jump after a successful foul.

The Middle West is the stronghold for collegiate basketball but there have always been fine teams at Pittsburgh under Doc Carlson, at City College, New York, under Nat Holman and at Penn under Lon Jourdet. The Wisconsin teams of Doc Meanwell were famous for years and Phog Allen has won conference titles repeatedly at Kansas.

"I think the finest player in the country today is Chuck Hyatt, the old Pitt star," says Mr. Allen. "He is playing independent ball now, being with Universal Films of Hollywood last season, and he has no superior. The second best in my opinion is Bud Browning, formerly of the University of Oklahoma and last year with the Kansas City Stage Lines. Browning is a wonder, one of those players who immediately vitalize a team. There have been a lot of good players out here. We had Ray Ebling here at Kansas last year, and I recall such fine centers as Rieff of Northwestern and Krause of Notre Dame.

The East has had many fine players, with Pittsburgh perhaps having the most consistent records. The Pitt team of 1933 played through the Middle West at the holidays, winning four games in five nights from Michigan, conference champs, Northwestern, Illinois and Wisconsin.

"I estimate that the home team has at least an eight-point advantage," says Mr. Allen. "You can gather from that what a team Pitt had that year."

At Penn the McNichol family produced a series of basketball stars. Perhaps the outstanding team of recent years was that of St. John's College of Brooklyn. From being tops in college competition, they went immediately into the professional game and became the leading team there as well. It is hard to say how they would compare with the great professional teams of the past. The old-timers will tell you there was never anybody to compare with Barney Sedran or Lou Sugarman or Joe Fogarty. Still earlier the Buffalo Germans were the famous team of America, being dethroned by the great Troy team, which had Lou Wachter, later coach at Harvard.

Later came the New York Celtics, held by many to be the finest team of all time. It was led by Nat Holman, who is

said to be the greatest player of all. In late years in the colleges there have been such men as Boze Berger of Maryland, who now plays second base for Cleveland. Howard Cann of New York University was a wonder in his day and George Gregory, the colored center at Columbia, has had few equals. Utah has always had good teams, with both the University of Utah and Brigham Young turning out fives which were on a par with any in the country. In the South, Tulane, Washington and Lee, Duke, North Carolina and Kentucky have been consistently good.

The girls' teams have not developed rapidly in this country, although they have gained fame through such players as the celebrated Babe Didrikson, who was as fast as many men and a better shot than most. However, the wonder team in this class is the Commercial Grads of Edmonton, Canada. They have won the Canadian title every year since 1919, have lost only one series with American teams since 1923, have won at the Olympic games at Paris, Amsterdam and Los Angeles and in all have won 403 out of 415 games.

Room for Improvement

Phog Allen's men are coaching all over the country now. There are dozens of them in the smaller colleges and high schools. At the most important institutions, he is represented by Arthur "Dutch" Lonborg at Northwestern, John Bunn at Stanford, Adolph Rupp at Kentucky, Forrest "Frosty" Cox at the University of Colorado and Louis Menze at Iowa State. The Allen system is based on a rigid founding in the fundamentals and an elaborate set of plays which are used when conditions are right.

"The rules are plain enough on screening," says Mr. Allen. "They prohibit personal contact but they don't say a man has to get off the floor for fear of interfering with somebody else. Basketball has the same problem as other modern sports—the offense must keep ahead of the defense. What the spectators want to see is scoring. If I had my way, a field goal would be three points and a foul one, instead of two and one as at present. I don't believe in a referee whistle-toting contest. So long as it's clean, let the game go ahead. That's what the players want and what the spectators want. It seems to me that some of the young coaches are the most reactionary. I've been connected with the sport for thirty-five years and I think it can be improved a great deal. All the other sports have changed except baseball and it was altered greatly in its earlier days. What's so sacred about basketball? It's a game after all. The best of them all, I think, but still just a game. It wasn't handed down from on high. It was invented by Dr. Naismith and I see him every day during the college year. He doesn't pretend he has heavenly guidance. In fact, he's in favor of most of the changes he sees us trying out."

That progressive spirit was best exemplified in a game between Lehigh and the Navy about ten years ago. Things were going badly for Lehigh and in addition they felt that the referee was too greatly impressed by the importance of the United States Navy. After three particularly rancid decisions against them, a Lehigh forward relieved his indignation by tripping the referee as he came trotting eagerly back to center with the ball after a Navy field goal. The official fell rather abruptly on his nose but rose almost immediately.

"What d'ye mean, doing a thing like that!" bellowed the offended gentleman.

"Just a little idea of my own," answered the Lehigh man, with a modest wave of the hand, trotting off to the dressing-room.

The Power of Economy

Not so many years ago, an 80-horsepower engine was a big engine . . . heavy, cumbersome, costly to operate, expensive to maintain. But Ford has changed all that. The Ford V-8 Truck engine is so efficient that it develops over 80 horsepower . . . yet with all this power, it is light in weight, responsive, easy on gas and oil, economical to maintain. And today's 80-horsepower Ford V-8 Truck sells for a mere fraction of the price you would have paid for that same amount of power a few years ago.

That explains why so many truck operators . . . who have always needed powerful trucks . . . are changing to Fords and discovering the Power of Economy. It also explains why owners of lower powered trucks are buying Fords and getting the power they have always needed, but thought they could not afford.

Ford V-8 Trucks have been PROVED BY THE PAST . . . all over the world . . . in billions of miles of hauling and delivery work. Now they have been IMPROVED FOR THE FUTURE. Your Ford dealer invites you to make an "on-the-job" test of a 1936 Ford V-8 Truck . . . with your own loads . . . under your own operating conditions and get the first-hand facts about the Power of Economy.

THE FORD V-8 HYDRAULIC DUMP

80-horsepower V-8 engine with valve seat inserts, connecting-rod bearings of special composition, full-length water-jackets, dual carburetor. Full-floating rear axle with straddle-mounted pinion. Full torque-tube drive with free-shackled, semi-elliptic rear springs. Quick-action brakes. All-steel coupe-type cab with Safety Glass standard equipment in all windows. 1½ cubic yards capacity.



**THE 1936
FORD V-8
TRUCKS**

Callingham's Girl

Continued from page 17



**You're
in the midst of
the worst winter
months**

**Don't delay building good
general resistance!**

Early in the season, you probably had some stored-up reserve to help protect you against common winter ills. But since then, you've no doubt been through a strenuous winter with too little exercise, rest, and sunshine. Your general *resistance* may be low.

Low general resistance helps to explain why common winter ills reach a peak in February. This is the time of year they affect the greatest number of people and hang on longest.

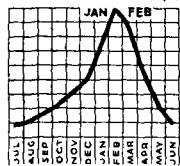
The thing, then, is not to wait until you are made uncomfortable, but to begin right away building general *resistance*! Adex offers an easy, pleasant means.

Adex supplies two important protective factors—Vitamin A which helps to build good general resistance, and Vitamin D, insufficiently supplied by sunshine at this inclement season.

With each capsule, you obtain not less than 6,600 units of Vitamin A, and 1,320 units of Vitamin D. Squibb obtains the vitamins from *natural* sources only, like good cod liver oil.

When you start with Adex, be sure to keep it up every day. So much depends on routine use! Adex, in capsules or tablets, at good drug stores. Prepared by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

The increase of common ills during the winter months is graphically portrayed by this chart prepared from figures of U.S. Public Health Dept.



ADEX
TABLETS and CAPSULES
SQUIBB

"And Tim, shall I tell Inspector Henderson? He's a smart detective."

"Definitely no!" Tim replied. "I'd rather leave the police out of it."

CANTAVO arrived at the theater at two-thirty. He sat in the next to the last row near the center aisle, so that Henderson could locate him easily. He felt excitement at the anticipation of seeing flashed on the screen the close-up of the man wanted in the Callingham murder. I guess we're all coppers at heart, he philosophized. Running down and harrowing anything that's trying to escape is a natural impulse.

He really couldn't be more excited. He hoped desperately that the wanted man would be there. It would be terrifically dramatic. But it was all such nonsense—to think that out of seven million people in New York the one man wanted would step accommodatingly into a theater to be trapped!

Cantavo found the newsreel uninteresting. There followed a short exposé of the love life of flowers. Then there was a pause and in enormous letters there appeared the electrifying sentence "THIS MAN IS WANTED BY THE POLICE." A movement of tense interest ran through the audience.

A voice gave a detailed description of the face confronting the audience. "Note the high forehead." The voice paused to give the audience time to study the characteristics that it pointed out. "And note that the left ear is slightly higher than the right one—not very much—but if you will look carefully you will see it."

The voice continued: "This man has light eyes. His mouth droops somewhat on the right side. And he has high and prominent cheekbones. Note carefully the persons who are seated beside you now. And when you leave the theater, carry the memory of this face with you. The police will pay a thousand-dollar reward to anyone who is responsible for this man's apprehension. A thousand dollars!"

The man on Cantavo's left whispered, "It's dramatic, isn't it? It gives me the shivers."

Everyone turned quickly and looked shamefacedly around. A titter of embarrassment spread over the room as each one realized that he was being looked upon with suspicion.

THE lights were turned on in the auditorium and everyone stopped looking, and began to laugh nervously, then started looking again.

"I suppose they'll have detectives outside to receive the accusations and to inconvenience the accused," the man on Cantavo's left grumbled.

"Probably. And newsreel photographers to embarrass them as well," Cantavo replied.

"Gee, I wish I could find the guy," a redheaded boy on Cantavo's right said. "I could use that dough." He gasped with surprise. "Say, you're Bill Cantavo, aren't you? Will you give me an autograph?" He reached in his pocket and brought out a letter. "Write it on the back of that, will you?"

Everyone in the row in front turned and stared at Cantavo. Cantavo wrote his name good-naturedly. "Let me know if anyone leads the criminal out by the hand, will you?" he requested.

They all laughed. A woman who sat some distance down the row from Cantavo handed a piece of paper to the man on Cantavo's right. "Will you pass this to Mr. Cantavo, please, and ask him to autograph it?"

The lights were turned off. Cantavo

shook his head in refusal. "No more autographs. I came here to enjoy myself, and to see the picture." The woman looked coyly coaxing but Cantavo folded the paper and stuck it in his pocket and looked determinedly at the screen.

"Men and Children First" proved to be a new high in bad pictures. Cantavo fidgeted. He hated the thought of going out into the rain again; also, he wanted to wait for Henderson.

"This is pretty terrible," the man next to him murmured.

"I can't take it," Cantavo said.

"Nor can I."

The two of them walked out into the lobby together. They stopped to light cigarettes and, as they stepped out of the lobby into the street, both pulled up their collars and drew down their hats against the wind and rain. A photographer snapped their photographs.

"Can I give you a lift?" the friend asked courteously. "I have my car here."

"No, thank you. I have my car here, too." Cantavo's car was parked directly in front of the door.

"It must be swell to be famous," Cantavo's companion said. "My chauffeur had to park around the corner."

"One of the pleasantest things in life is that it is full of injustice and I get the breaks," Cantavo agreed.

HENDERSON was standing in the entrance, talking to two uniformed policemen. He and Cantavo stepped into Cantavo's car.

"Do you still want to go downtown and see how the fingerprinting is done?"

"Sure."

"Police headquarters," Henderson said to the driver. "How did you like my show?"

"It was terrifically exciting. I didn't get to watch the crowd because I was beset for autographs."

"A ham stealing the show as usual."

"You'd be better if you had more ham in you. You're a bum showman. To have made it good you should have had someone point out the culprit. Did anyone run out with candidates for the honor?"

"Not yet. But the show isn't over yet." Henderson looked depressed. "He may be picked up at some other theater," he said.

"If he wasn't in a theater this afternoon, he never will be again, after he hears that he's being starred so prominently."

"Of course he won't. But someone who has seen his photograph may recognize him on the street or in a restaurant."

"Why weren't you inside to see your own show?"

"I was," Henderson said. "I stood up in the back and saw it."

"I thought perhaps you were late."

"I've never been late in my life. Or absent a single day from work. Believe it or not, I've always been ridden by a sense of duty."

"A living proof that virtue is its own reward."

"That's a cheap cynicism. Virtue has plenty reward. In thinking it all over I believe that our virtues are the things we enjoy most."

"Those and our sins," Cantavo agreed with him. "I still want to know where police headquarters are. Or is that another subject you feel reticent about?"

Henderson grinned. "At Centre Street," he said.

"Have the G-men been romanticized by the movies, Henderson? Are their lawyers and college men and gentlemen soda jerkers really miracle workers, or have they just got their names in the papers?"

"The G-men are all right, but I think that any detective that has imagination and that has come up through the ranks has the edge on those fellows. It's this way, Bill. I began in uniform, then was mounted, then had a motorcycle; was on the vice squad; was a marine cop, and then a detective. A lot of our boys have gone through that kind of routine. They have to pick up a lot of knowledge in the course of those duties. I'm glad I'm a copper."

"I'm glad you are, too, then. I'm also glad you've stopped practicing your detecting on me. It was disconcerting to a man as busy as I am."

"I haven't stopped," Henderson told him uncomfortably. "What did Mrs. Bostwick say to you over the phone? I thought I heard her mention the name Marsten."

"She is a friend of the Marstens and asked me if I knew anything that anyone else didn't know."

"Do you?" Henderson asked.

"No. Do you?"

"Yes. Plenty."

"Don't tell me. I've grown used to your being dull company." Cantavo opened the window for some air.

Henderson shivered. "There's a great deal to be said for the indoor life. It makes men hardy," he commented. "Tonight I'm going to pick up Rapport and Tony—you remember, he's Rapport's driver."

"On what charge?"

"Peddling drugs."

"Was Heinie mixed up in that racket, too?"

"We have no evidence that he was."

"Do you suspect that he was?"

"No. I suspect he wasn't. What do you care?"

"I'm thinking of offering Heinie a job."

"Good Samaritanism is usually wasted effort."

"I'm not being a Good Samaritan. I'm paying a debt. He helped me out of a tough spot."

"He also got you into it. Are you going in for reform at your age?"

"I'm going to offer him a job. He can reform himself if he wants to or he can give up the job. I've just got to ease my conscience by offering him the chance."

"You haven't heard from Amy Martin again, have you?" Henderson asked.

"What do you want her for?"

"She may be mixed up in the Callingham case."

Cantavo's conscience gave him an uncomfortable twinge. "Are you sure?" he asked.

"No. It's a hunch. But I want her badly."

"Maybe I could find her for you."

"Maybe you would."

CANTAVO'S car drew up at Centre Street before police headquarters. Henderson took him in to meet Chief Lyon, the head of the detectives of the city. Lyon greeted him with a hospitality that was comforting in such austere surroundings.

They moved down the hall to call on the commissioner of the police. They waited a moment in an outer room where voices were subdued and decorum was rampant. An atmosphere of sovereignty was very apparent.

After they left the commissioner's room, Cantavo remarked to Henderson: "The commissioner is a nice fellow. He's interesting and agreeable. But what does he do that drags so much deference from your household?"

"Well—he's the commissioner. Also, the boys respect him."

(Continued on page 36)

"Willards Cost Less to Own!"

◆ "Storage batteries are much like telephone lines. If they have hidden weaknesses, they may suddenly break down under the strain of cold weather or extra heavy loads. (And then it costs money to repair the damage.) ◆ It's been my experience that it costs less to get the best in either case. That's why the battery in my own car is a Willard. ◆ Because Willards are high in quality, I thought they were high in price. But I've found they aren't. And my Willard costs less to own because it cranks my motor faster, lasts longer, takes care of all the electrical gadgets on my car—and doesn't have to be recharged all the time. I've used Willards for several years—and *know* they cost less to own."

Here's One Reason Willards Cost Less to Own!

Cold weather not only makes engines twice as hard to crank, but it also cuts the efficiency of the battery itself. You get 100% of the capacity of any battery at 80°; 75% at 40° and only 40% at zero.

Some batteries that start a motor at 80° won't crank it fast enough to start at 40° and won't budge it at zero.

To meet the S. A. E. minimum requirements for cold cranking, a battery must deliver 300 amperes for 2.2 minutes at a temperature of zero. Willard Reserve Capacity Batteries exceed this requirement... delivering up to 4.1 minutes on this severe test. That's why Willards are dependable in any weather and one of the reasons why they cost less to own.



★ ★ ★
Every Willard Battery carries a service adjustment policy—honored by any one of 42,000 Willard Dealers.

IF YOUR CAR WON'T START
call the nearest Willard Dealer.
Look for this emblem in your
'phone book under Batteries.



WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
Cleveland • Los Angeles • Toronto, Canada



Willard

STORAGE BATTERIES

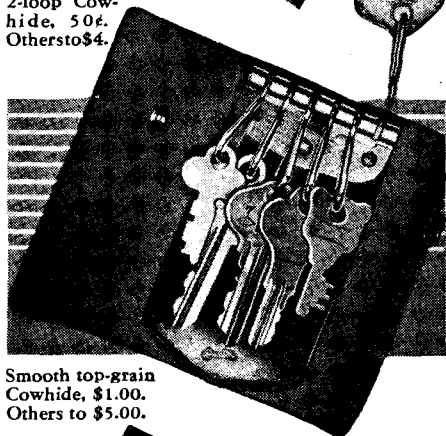
LAST LONGER • CRANK FASTER • WON'T LET YOU DOWN

A Loop

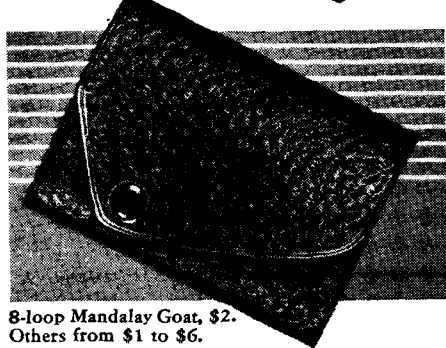
LOCKS your keys in the BUXTON KEY-TAINER



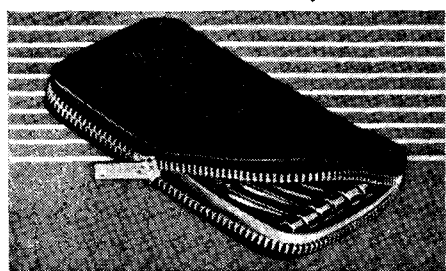
4-loop India Goat, \$1.50. Others from 50¢.
2-loop Cowhide, 50¢. Others to \$4.



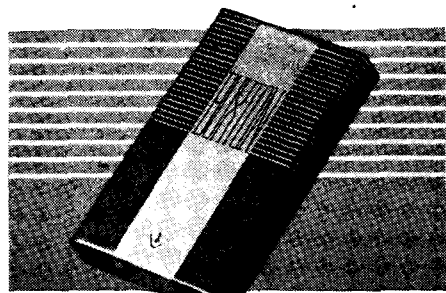
Smooth top-grain Cowhide, \$1.00. Others to \$5.00.



8-loop Mandalay Goat, \$2. Others from \$1 to \$6.



Zip-Tainer for keys, in four sizes. Four- and six-loop sizes with section for automobile license. India Goat, 6 loops, \$2. Others from \$1.



The handsome gold and maroon Buxton box. A distinctive package for a product of distinction.

● Loops, not hooks, lock keys in. Loop with key, instantly detachable. Single-button model operates with one hand. Zip-Tainer has *protecting guard*. All carry Buxton's FREE return service. Buxton, Inc., Springfield, Mass. N.Y. Office, 47 W. 34 St.

Buxton
KEY-TAINERS . . .
BILFOLDS . . . POCKET CASES

Callingham's Girl

Continued from page 34

Henderson took Cantavo downstairs past the rooms marked Bomb Squad, Safe and Loft Division, Narcotic Squad, to have his fingerprints taken.

Ink was poured over a glass slab and rolled to an even surface. Then one at a time each of Cantavo's fingers touched the inked slab and then were placed upon a paper, the regular form paper marked under the heading Right Hand; Left Hand; Right Thumb; Left Thumb. Since fingerprints are reticent about character and will only vouchsafe to a person his identity which he already knows anyway, there seemed to Cantavo little to say except a polite "That's interesting." Cantavo's left fingerprints whorled in the same direction as his right fingerprints—which was unorthodox, but there seemed little to do about conventionalizing them.

Cantavo asked to be shown how fingerprints were taken that were left at the scene of a crime.

"Hand me something out of your pocket," the gentleman in charge said to him. Cantavo emptied out of his pocket his cigarette case, his wallet, and the piece of paper that had been passed to him in the theater for the autograph.

The paper was selected. Black powder was poured on it and gently brushed off. Several fingerprints showed clearly on the surface. The process was simple and again there was little of interest in it.

THEN they went upstairs past rooms marked Forgery Division; Pickpocket Squad; into the room where photographs were filed. Cantavo looked through a few photographs of the big shots in the racketeering and gangster world. Many of them he knew casually, through having seen them at night clubs. All of them, on the occasions that he had seen them, had looked prosperous, self-assured and happily self-conscious with the interest they attracted. He was struck by the fact that in the police photographs they all looked vicious, sullen and full of indigestion. "You have the worst photographer in the world," Cantavo said. "Did you buy him off Cone Island?"

"Gangsters may not look like their photographs uptown, but they all look like that when they get down here," the officer in attendance assured him.

Cantavo looked at his watch. Fifty-three! "I must go," he said.

"Before you go, Bill," Henderson suggested to him, "take a look at the room in which we file our million and a half fingerprints. It will only take a minute or so."

They walked into the adjoining room. Cantavo observed that there were fewer filing cases than he had expected. Fingerprints aren't bulky, but then a million and a half of anything sounds like so much.

The gentleman in charge of this department evinced the same interest and courtesy in behalf of Cantavo's education that had been shown in every department throughout their tour of the building. Cantavo had thought that musicians were unique in their fervent enthusiasm for their work. But the police showed quite as fanatic interest in theirs.

On a table in front of the gentleman in charge of the filing department were enlargements of different types of fingerprints—a whorl, a loop, an arch. "These are the general classifications of fingerprints. All fingerprints are variations of these general classifications," he said.

Cantavo took from his pocket the two papers which he had brought up from the fingerprinting room downstairs. One was the regular form paper on which

were the prints of Cantavo's thumbs and fingers. And the other was the smaller piece of paper which had been passed to him in the theater and on which several prints had been magically powdered and dusted into view.

"What classifications do these come under?" he asked.

The gentleman in charge picked up the paper on which were Cantavo's fingerprints. "Yours is a whorl. Notice these small details that make identifications so easy a matter." He gave Cantavo a magnifying glass and pointed out to him the telltale variations.

He then picked up the other paper. "Now on this paper there is a print of a woman's finger. It's blurred and would be of no interest to you, since the details are difficult to read. This print here, in the center of the paper, is yours. It is very clear, isn't it? And this one in the lower corner is a man's thumb print. It comes under the classification of a loop." He handed Cantavo the magnifying glass again. "Note the individual markings in this one. This oblong circle in the middle is what we call a lake. And notice on this line there—there is a notch. Also notice this—" He stopped without finishing the sentence. "Henderson," he exclaimed with excitement, "look at this. This is the fingerprint of that man you've been looking for in the Callingham murder."

Henderson and the man in charge gathered over the print like hungry vultures.

"Do you mean the man whose face you showed on the screen today, Henderson?" someone in the room asked.

"Sure thing," the fingerprint expert said with a positiveness that made Cantavo very uncomfortable with embarrassment.

"Where'd you get this paper?" Henderson asked Cantavo.

"The man who sat beside me at the theater handed it to me."

"What did he look like?"

"I didn't look at him. He chatted to me a while. The face of the man you wanted was being shown on the screen. I was busy looking at the screen and watching the reaction of the people in the audience. Also, I was signing autographs. And, well—to tell the truth—I just didn't look at the man beside me at all." Cantavo, who was accustomed to admiration, didn't like all those eyes looking at him with accusations of stupidity.

"Was he still in the theater when you left?" Henderson asked.

"No, he walked out to the street with me and offered to give me a lift."

"And you still didn't look at him?"

"Not especially. He seemed like a pretty nice fellow." Cantavo answered the question as if it were of trivial interest.

"Some detective *you* turned out to be," Henderson said with exasperation not unmixed with pleasure at Cantavo's mortification.

CANTAVO'S rebellious and spontaneous nature was a bit on edge. He was pretty well fed up with the atmosphere of disciplined authority around the place. For a long time he'd been earning a million a year, without ever having exacted from anybody the cloying reverence that hung around this joint like a pall; also, he was fed up with Henderson's complacent satisfaction in proving him a fool. To hell with him, he thought. He smiled at them merrily, and his face creased into the million wrinkles of gayety that made him look so like a mischievous child. And then he resorted to a boyish defiant defense; he gave Henderson a razzberry.

To his surprise, they all burst into laughter at his unexpected and irrepressible childishness.

Maybe they, too, were fed up with dignity. Or maybe, like so very many other people, they simply liked Bill Cantavo.

(To be continued next week)



"Finders, keepers!"

MIKE BERRY

1886

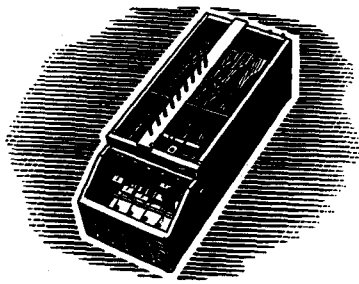
1936

THE GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

of the first practical calculating machine

IT WAS Thanksgiving Day in 1884 when a young Chicago machinist set out to remedy man's traditional inadequacy in the face of figure work. His hope: a machine that would calculate—without fatigue, without inaccuracies, without limitations of memory or physical strength. The idea was not new. Attempts had been made as early as the 10th century, but never had a practical machine been developed.

Bravely this young man started to translate his ideas into a model. His materials were limited: a macaroni box from the grocer's, skewers from the butcher's, elastic bands for springs, and a jack-knife as his main tool. By January his wooden model was completed. Another year of improving and refining, and he produced a workable model in metal. This was the first "Comptometer," and the young inventor

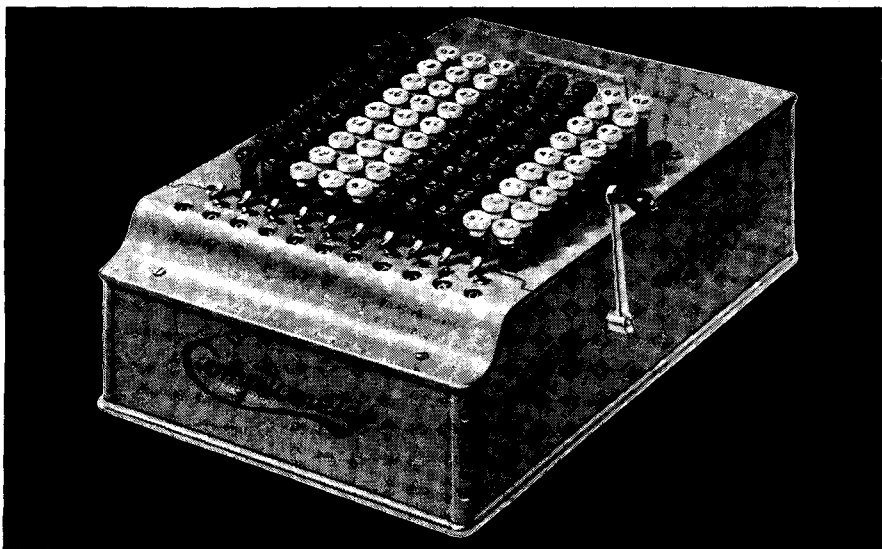


The first "Comptometer" model—built in a wooden macaroni box.

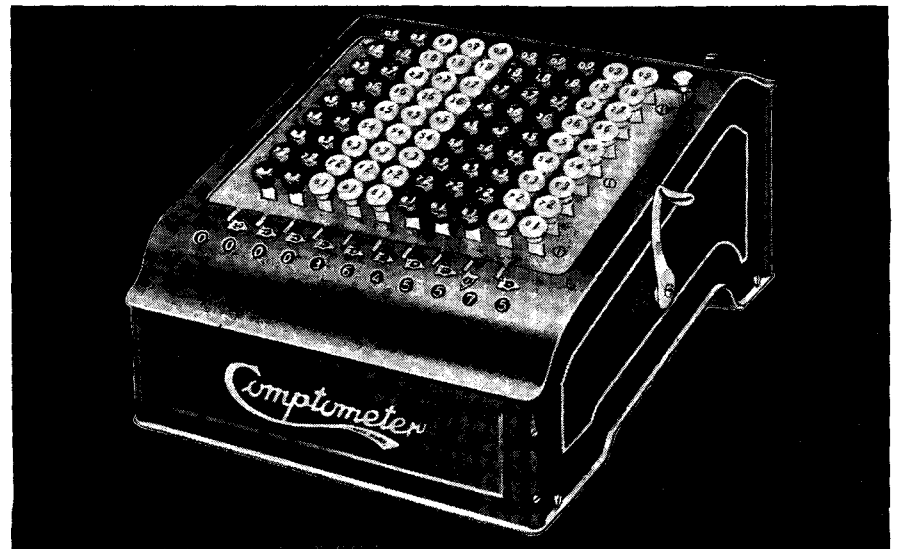
was Dorr E. Felt, who shortly was to organize the Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., in partnership with another Chicagoan, Robert Tarrant.

Thus was born the first of all the modern multiple-order keyboard adding-calculating machines, herald of a new era in accounting and figure work of all kinds. Today's world-renowned "Comptometer," developed to a new efficiency and for a vastly broader scope of

service, is a perfected evolution of it. The wide use of the "Comptometer" and "Comptometer" methods—for fast, accurate handling of many different types of figure work, for simplifying and expediting management control—is a direct development of Mr. Felt's idea as originally embodied in the old macaroni box. Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1714 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.



STANDARD MODEL J "COMPTOMETER." High-speed dependable machine with the Controlled-Key safeguard—for all figure work.



ELECTRIC MODEL K "COMPTOMETER." Speedy, accurate, and simple to operate. Equipped with Controlled-Key safeguard.

COMPTOMETER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

No-risk tobacco offer still open to readers of Collier's!



JOHN TENNANT smokes a nice French briar. What goes in it? Prince Albert! He says: "Prince Albert has a mild, mellow, soothing flavor. You get a slower, cooler smoke that's easy on the tongue."

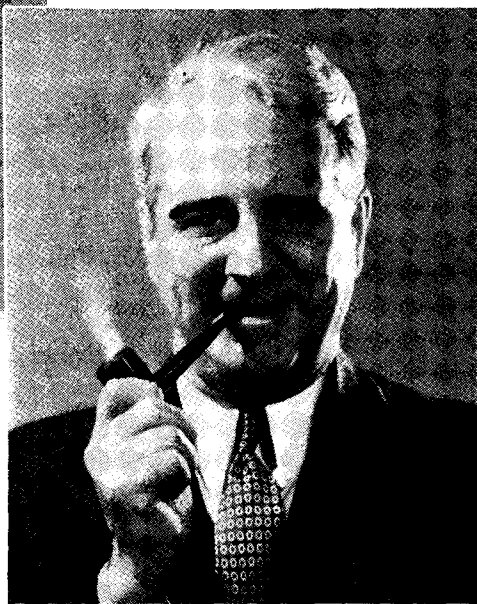
In asking that you try Prince Albert for your pipe smoking, we point to the satisfaction found by others, as typified by the smokers shown here. And then, after you try Prince Albert, if you are not delighted, we return your money. Our slogan: "You must be pleased."

Money-Back Offer Held Open—Men everywhere have tried Prince Albert since this money-back plan was first announced. Others mean to as soon as possible. So we are extending this remarkable proposition for another month.

"How can you make such an offer?" some have asked. Here's the answer: *We know that men can easily tell "class" in a smoking tobacco once they try it!* And, once smokers try Prince Albert, no other brand will do.

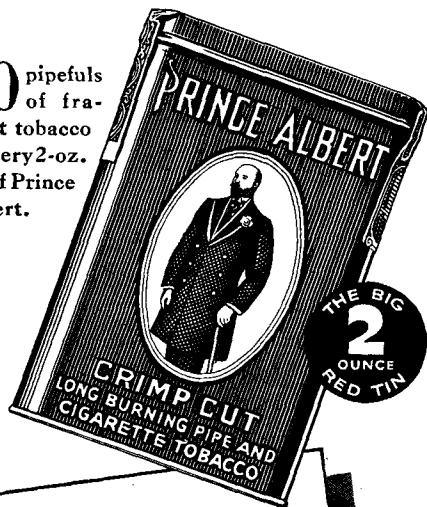
Prince Albert is made from choice tobaccos. It is "crimp cut" for slow, cool burning. All "bite" is taken out by a special P. A. process. And Prince Albert is packed in *tins*. So read our offer now. P. A. makes swell roll-your-own smokes too.

LISTEN TO WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT P. A.



HOWARD MOSS believes in keeping 4 or 5 pipes handy—loads a fresh one each time—with Prince Albert. He says: "P. A. has a rich flavor that's different. The big 2-ounce P. A. tin holds more tobacco, too."

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert.



OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

"You must be pleased"

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

Without Orders

Continued from page 9

But at night his instinct would be to go up, hoping to get above the storm. Finding it just as bad at sixteen thousand feet—or perhaps worse—he'd come down, but if, as I suspect, he discovered he'd drifted off his range while still holding his true compass course, I believe the boy would get excited. He knows there are peaks in the Sawtooth Range that rise above seven thousand, so he'd stay up to eight thousand—possibly eighty-five hundred in order to clear them, although he knows that, flying on the radio beam, his course would take him over at six thousand without danger. But—being off his range he wouldn't risk an altitude of six thousand, although I'm convinced he'd be out of the gale strata then. So he—"

"How do you know he went to sixteen thousand?" Calkins demanded. He resented vaguely Wad Madison's calm certitude and yearned to make him defend his theory by forcing him to prove it.

"Because we can't get him on the radiophone and he can't get us. We know we've tried and it's a million-to-one shot he has tried, too. So I infer that he went up to fifteen or sixteen thousand and got his antennae iced up. Of course he didn't stay up too long, for fear of accumulating ice on his wing; if he'll drop to eight thousand there's a chance his antennae will clear and we can talk to him; but if he runs out of gas before that happens—if he doesn't run due east out of the storm area until he gets visibility—it's a starlit night—we may never find Trip Five. That's a mountainous, broken, heavily forested country—maybe he'll try to beat back to Boise."

He called Boise again: "How's the weather there?"

"Snowing heavily."

He hung up. "Bill, it's snowing heavily at Boise, so the boy won't be able to find Boise. That blizzard will blanket the lights of the city. Oh, Lord, oh, Lord, will he make up his mind he can't find Boise and run east while his gas lasts? Will he go up to sixteen thousand feet again, while he has the gas to do it, and then coast for twenty miles when his gas is gone, on the off chance that when he lights it'll be in level country?"

THE telephone rang. "Long-distance call," he told Calkins. "Maybe it's Boise—hello, this is Amalgamated Air Lines, Portland, operations office speaking. Who are you?"

"This," said a quiet voice, "is Lieutenant McCray, of the United States Army Corps in command of the CCC camp at Pinecrest, Idaho, which is away over the Sawtooth Range. Have your people, by any chance, lost a transport plane?"

"Yes, Trip Five, out of Salt Lake City."

"Thought so. There's a two-motored job flying around here in one hell of a blizzard. It's been over our camp for ten minutes. Seems headed west but making leeway east. I can scarcely hear the motors now. Thought I'd call you up so that, in the event she crashes, you'll know the approximate country in which she fell."

"Thank you. You're very kind, but I'm afraid there isn't much that can be done for her. If I could only tell the pilot where he is—but I can't. His antennae are iced up. Goodbye."

He hung up to permit the line to clear, then called the business office of the telephone company in Portland.

"You drop that telephone," Calkins cried sharply. "You're not running my job. No man who has just been fired can do that."

"Oh, you keep on asking for it," Wad

Madison snarled, and let him have it on the point of the chin. Bill Calkins went out like a light and Wad Madison grabbed him by the nape of the neck, dragged him out into the hall, reentered and locked the door behind him. He called the business office of the telephone company in Portland and got the night manager, to whom he explained the situation.

"I want you to block off all telephone lines within a radius of a hundred miles of Pinecrest, Idaho," he demanded. "Those mountain central offices close at eight o'clock. Put a platoon of girls on the job; have them call up every central office in that district and instruct them to remain open; then have those centrals instructed to put every operator they can get on the board—cut out every bit of local business—and have them telephone to every subscriber in the outlying districts and beg them to listen for the sound of an airplane motor and as soon as they hear it telephone to this office. Our transport is drifting or flying east or southeast from Pinecrest, so have your people get in touch first with the subscribers who live off in that direction. We're leasing all your lines to-night, understand. No time to argue. Whatever the bill is we'll pay it. Order given by Wadsworth Madison. Make a note. Thanks. Goodbye."

THERE was nothing he could do now save sit and wait and suffer.

He tried desperately to get into communication with Kendrick via the radiophone, but failed. At seven forty-two the telephone rang and he answered:

"This is Mrs. Mattie Overholt and I live in a cabin on the south shore of Warm Lake. My husband's a trapper but he ain't home tonight. The telephone central phoned ten minutes ago and told me to listen for the sound of the engines of a lost airplane, and now I can hear it as plain as plain. It seems to be circling over the lake."

"Yes, Mrs. Overholt. How's the weather over your way?"

"Well, it's been snowing all the afternoon but about half an hour ago it stopped."

"Can you see the stars?"

"Oh, yes."

"Can you see the lights of the airplane?"

"Yes, it's all lit up inside and I can see a red light on one side and a green light on the other."

"Plainly?"

"Quite. The ship can't be very high up. I can hear the engines very clearly. I knew a big plane like that had no business over here and, of course, when central called me, I realized it was your lost plane. I was afraid it'd come down in the lake, so I ran out and threw ten gallons of kerosene over a cord of fire wood we have stacked down on the shore and set it afire. It lights the water for quite a way out."

"How's the temperature where you are?"

"Turning warm. There's a Chinook wind blowing down the valley and the snow is melting fast."

"Mrs. Mattie Overholt, you're an angel from heaven and the very smartest woman I ever heard of. I'm coming over to see you soon and pay you for that cord of wood and the ten gallons of kerosene and try to pay you for some other things that just aren't payable. Give me your post office address, please."

He wrote it down, hung up and picked up the radiophone.

"Amalgamated, Portland, calling Kendrick, Trip Five."

Almost instantly he heard: "Hello Amalgamated. Trip Five reporting. Kendrick's back in the cabin. Second Pilot Evans talking. We're lost. Ran into a blizzard fifty miles out of Boise—"

"You talk too much, Evans. This is Wad Madison. You have been lost but you are lost no longer. I know exactly where you are. Look down. Can you see a big bonfire?"

A moment's silence, then, "Yes, I can see it. Looks like a small house afire."

"Keep circling over it. I'll call you back in a minute and give you your compass course—no, no, I can't. Oh, dear God, I can't. A compass course to—where? You haven't enough gas left to fly much more than a hundred miles. Wait! I must think. Keep over Warm Lake until I call you back."

HE BENT over the map, looking for emergency landing fields, but to his horror discovered that the nearest one was a hundred and fifty miles from Warm Lake. And then, at the very moment his heart turned to water, he remembered something. He flung the door open and found Bill Calkins sitting on the floor outside, holding his head.

"I've located her," he yelled. "Bill, Bill, try to think. Who was that man from somewhere over in Eastern Washington who bought that old ship off the company six months ago? He planned to run some sort of short-line transport business up in his country."

"Name's Trueman—Arthur P."

"Where does he live?"

"At Cascade, Washington."

It took Wad Madison two minutes to get Arthur P. Trueman on the phone. "You got an airport?" he cried.

"I have a barn big enough to house one large ship, and I have a nice level pasture field to land on."

"How's the weather at your place?"

"Clear and cold. Been snowing for hours, but it's quit now. Got about fifteen inches of soft snow."

"Got any gasoline?"

"A couple thousand gallons."

"Put five hundred gallons out on your field in tubs and set it afire. I'm routing a transport plane of ours that's been lost

two hours in to your field, and hoping to God she has enough gas left to get there. This is Amalgamated Air Lines, Portland office."

"I understand completely. Where is the ship now?"

"Warm Lake, Idaho."

"About a hundred and thirty miles. Wait a minute. I have the U. S. Geological Survey maps right handy. I'll give you the highest elevations on the compass course to my place."

In a minute he spoke again: "He can come down to six thousand in perfect safety. Now, listen to these instructions for making my pasture field tonight. I'll have burning gasoline all over the field when I see him coming, so don't worry about the field not being lighted. . . ."

His conversation with Trueman finished, Wad Madison spread his map and laid a parallel ruler on the line Warm Lake, Idaho-Cascade, Washington, walked the ruler down to the compass, rose and determined his compass bearing. Almost instantly he had Evans on the radiophone, and had given him his compass course.

"Attention to orders, Evans. Fly at six thousand until you're west of the Sawtooth Range. It's clear over that way and it's clear where you are, so the blizzard appears to be blowing itself out. I'm sure you will not find much wind at six thousand. When you get to the head of that long valley that runs down to Cascade keep your eye open for a column or two or three of fire. It'll be gasoline in tubs burning on the pasture field you're headed for; beacons to bring you in. The field will be well-lighted. Come in from the southwest, because there's a high-tension power line along the eastern side. The rail fence along the southern border of the field has caught the snow and it's drifted up there to a height of six feet. There'll be lighted lanterns on the posts; if you hit that fence and snowdrift I do not have to tell you that you'll come in on your back. There's fifteen inches of soft snow on the field, so you can't taxi very far, but don't worry. A man will meet you out in the field with a small truck, load the pas-

(Continued on page 40)



"Listen to Oscar, 'Tote yuh valise?' What kind of talk is that?"

ROLAND COE

too STARTLING to be TRUE?

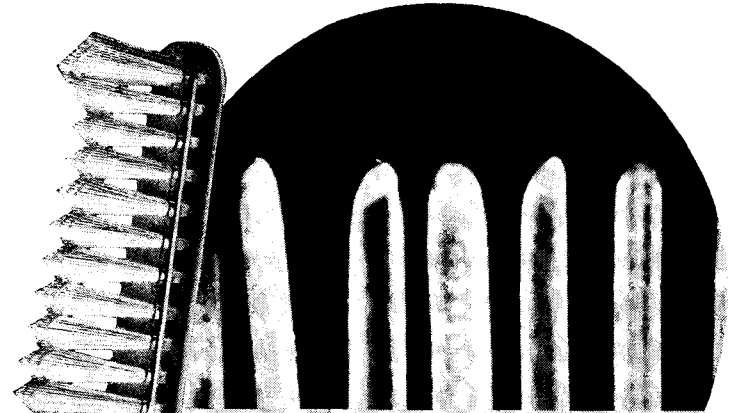


Photo-Micrograph of
ROUND-END BRISTLE
MAGNIFIED 16 TIMES

Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSH

No other has ROUND-END Bristle



Photo-Micrograph of
ORDINARY BRISTLE
MAGNIFIED 16 TIMES

WHEN we tell dentists that the business end of every single bristle in the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is smooth and dome-like . . . while bristle-ends in all other tooth brushes are sharp and jagged . . . they frankly are skeptical.

But when we show them the photo-micrographs above, their doubts vanish instantly. Their interest grows. Soon they are enthusiastically telling us of the benefits which this improvement in bristle will bring to countless cases in their practice.

If seeing is believing, one glance at these scientific photographs—made through a microscope—proves that Round-End Bristle

must be gentler to the gums and sensitive mouth tissues.

Find out in your own mouth how much more soothing, how much more thorough a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is. Learn what it means to oral health to brush with bristle-ends that are as round and smooth as fingertips instead of sharp and scratchy as broom-straws.

No matter what size tooth brush you like, one of the four sizes in which Pro-phy-lac-tic is offered will meet your preference. All four have Round-End Bristle. In order of size, starting with the smallest, they are: *Child's*, 25¢. *Youth's*, 35¢. *Small Type for Adults*, 50¢. *Regular Adult*, 50¢. Guaranteed to satisfy or your money refunded.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, Florence, Mass.

**Unprintable
...but TRUE!**

They're unprintable! The things that happen to your system when you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic. Good taste forbids a detailed description

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW . . . for your health's sake...what happens when you introduce a harsh, drastic laxative into your system. One that works too quickly. One that upsets you, one that creates a violent disturbance . . . that rushes unassimilated food through your system . . . that rips and tears its way, leaving you weak, dragged down—internally abused.

But . . . we cannot tell you the graphic details here because they are *too* graphic. This is a family magazine . . . not a medical textbook.

This much we can say: whenever you need a laxative, be sure the one you take is *correctly timed*. Be sure it is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax meets these important specifications.

Avoid quick-acting cathartics!

Beware of laxatives that work too quickly! Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to accomplish its purpose. It relieves constipation without violence, yet it is completely effective. Elimination is thorough. And so close to normal you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

Because of its gentle action, Ex-Lax doesn't leave you weak, as harsh cathartics do. It doesn't cause stomach pains. It doesn't nauseate you. And you don't need to fear any embarrassment afterwards. It is best to take Ex-Lax at night, when you go to bed. In the morning you will enjoy complete relief. Ex-Lax works overnight without over-action.

Good for the whole family!

Another thing people like about Ex-Lax is the fact that it is equally good for children and adults. Thus, you need only *one* laxative in your medicine chest.

And here is still another pleasant thing about Ex-Lax . . . it tastes just like delicious chocolate. Isn't it foolish to offend your taste with some bitter, nasty-tasting laxative? Don't ever do it again . . . it's so needless.

Get a box of Ex-Lax today. A box costs only 10c. There is a big, convenient family size at 25c, too.

GUARD AGAINST COLD! . . . Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*, with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolate laxative. At all drug stores.

**When Nature forgets—
remember**

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

---TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!---

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 K26
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name

Address

City Age

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd.,
736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems," new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

(Continued from page 39)

sengers and tow you in to shelter in the rear of his barn, where he'll peg you down. Call me when you're over the hump, so I'll not be worried unnecessarily.

"You now know the tactical situation so the successful performance of your mission is entirely up to you. I can tell you what to do but I can't tell you how to do it, because I'm not the Chief Pilot of the Amalgamated Air Lines. In fact, Evans, I'm not even a pilot. The president gave me the boot this afternoon. I have a hunch he'll give Kendrick the boot tomorrow morning, if the man's living, and I have another hunch that you'll receive a promotion if you bring that ship in on an even keel. Good luck to you, son."

"Thanks, Wad. You seem to have guessed it. Rather a dirty situation here. Kendrick got the wind up and went to pieces on me. Threw the wheel at me and ran back into the galley. Galley's in the tail of the ship, you know—and when a ship hits nose on, sometimes the tail sticks up and remains intact. One chance in a million—so he thinks."

"I never thought he'd do in a pinch. You're not scared, are you, Evans?"

"Scared pink, Wad, but still using my head. I have gas for about forty-five minutes; that should get me over the hump."

"How's the stewardess?"

"Scared pink, too, but carrying on. Kendrick had us up to twenty thousand and stayed so long we all but froze to death. Miss Armstrong's been busy building up morale, handing out blankets and hot coffee. She's been thrown around the ship and is pretty bruised and sore. Here she is now. Just bringing me the last cup of hot coffee she had in stock."

"Say hello to her for me," said Wad Madison carelessly. "See you later."

HE SAT down and stared at the wall clock. In half an hour he could stand the suspense no longer. He called Evans, and his heart leaped when he received a prompt answer.

"Going places," that young man assured him cheerfully. "Very light snow falling and occasional flashes of visibility. Gets better minute by minute. I'm up to nine thousand and still climbing but very gradually. Miss Armstrong sends her best . . . hey, wait a minute, Wad. We've run out of it . . . over the hump . . . almost, and I'm looking down into a long valley. I can see the earth very faintly in the starlight. I think I could drop flares and set her down within the next ten minutes."

Wad called back ten minutes later. "Up to fourteen thousand," Evans informed him.

"Good man! I think that's high enough. Flatten her out, son, and give her all you've got as long as you have it. Goodby."

He waited five minutes and called up Trueman at Cascade. Trueman, it developed, was out on the field, so his wife answered the telephone. "Mrs. Trueman," said Wad Madison, "when our ship lands you're going to have on your hands a woman who will need attention. That's the stewardess, Miss Armstrong. I think she's pretty cold and she's bruised and hurt, but not, thank God, hysterical. Please heat some stove covers, if you haven't any hot-water bags; then wrap them in newspapers and put them in a bed. Then get her to bed."

"I'll do it. We have a big fireplace in our living-room with four-foot logs blazing and we're breaking out some whisky. I'll have hot toddies ready."

"Good. Any news of our ship?"

"I don't know—oh, here's my husband."

Trueman came on the line. "I was just going to call you, Madison," he said. "I can see the navigation lights of your ship a long way off. She's very high and on her course. I can't hear her motors."

"She's been out of gas for five minutes. He's coasting in."

"Hold the line until I step outside." Five minutes passed. Then: "He's sliding in. Smart lad. He'll crack up if he overruns the field, and if he noses her down too sharply she may get away from him . . . yes, he's coming in on a dead stick . . . nice work . . . perfect timing . . . he'll make it . . . he's over the fence . . . oh, damn, he's coming in on his belly. He has his wheels retracted . . . he'll crack up . . . oh, God, I can't see him now for the shower of snow!"

"He has not cracked up," Wad said firmly. "It's safer in fifteen inches of snow to come in with his wheels retracted, otherwise he might nose over or ground loop all over the place."

"You're right. He made a perfect landing, but didn't run more than eighty feet. All right, Madison. Your ground direction job is finished, and until your ship takes off again in the morning, your worries belong to me. Good night."

Wad Madison hung up the receiver and grinned a tired grin at Bill Calkins. "You've never lived a small lifetime in two hours, have you, Bill? Perhaps it's fortunate for you that you haven't wings, you old cassowary! Sorry I got out of hand and socked you, but then you didn't seem to know enough to keep out of my way when I had a highly technical job to do. You may argue that, since I had been fired, the job was not mine to do. But you would be wrong, Bill. We fellows that fly mail and payloads in commercial transports for hire constitute a sort of brotherhood. Only we can wholly understand each other and our job. Well, Trip Five is down for the night at Cascade and now I'm going to give your job back to you. Suppose you instruct the telephone company to tell the boys and girls east of the mountains to close up and go to bed, because the lost ship has been found and landed safely."

"The lobby is full of reporters and hysterical friends of passengers due on Trip Five. You locked me out and I couldn't tell them anything except that the ship had been delayed by foul weather."

"I'll slip them the tidings of great joy as I shake the dust of this airport from my feet forever, my son. Unfavorable publicity is something Amalgamated Air Lines cannot use without making a wry face. Leave it to old Wad Madison. The motto of this line is Safety First, Last and All the Time. We never take risks with human life merely to keep a schedule unbroken! Of course, you and I know we have the human element to combat, but then, why say anything about that? Contractors who hire men to push wheelbarrows are up against the same thing!"

HERE'S another telegram for you, Madison. It came an hour ago, but I thought it best not to disturb you."

Wad opened the envelope and read another message from the president of Amalgamated:

DEAR WAD: YOU REMIND ME OF THE HIGHLAND LADDIE WHO RATHER THAN BORROW A BOAT FROM A MAN HE HATED SWAM THE ICY LAKE STOP SURE I FIRED YOU AS A PILOT BUT I HAD TO DO THAT IN ORDER TO SET YOU FREE TO ACCEPT THE POSITION OF CHIEF PILOT OF AMALGAMATED AIR LINES WESTERN DIVISION STOP MY SECRETARY BALLED UP THE FIRST MESSAGE STOP I SUPPOSE SHE WAS THINKING OF A NEW HAT STOP THE SALARY IS TWELVE THOUSAND AND YOUR HEADQUARTERS ARE IN SAN FRANCISCO STOP AND YOU HAVE NEEDED A VACATION FOR YEARS STOP TAKE THREE MONTHS ON FULL SALARY AND THEN COME BACK AND START FIRING AND HIRING PILOTS UNTIL WE HAVE A SAFETY FACTOR AS LONG AS A CHINESE LAUNDRY TICKET

"What a day!" Wad Madison murmured. "And what a night!"

He was standing just outside the passenger chute about ten o'clock next morning when Kendrick brought Trip Five in. When the passengers had alighted Kendrick followed nonchalantly. Wad Madison crooked a finger at him and Kendrick strolled over.

"I am the Chief Pilot of the Western Division, my son," the older man informed him. "At a time when I had necessity for speech with you last night—at a time when your ship was in deadly danger, you were not on the job. Your second pilot flew the ship from Warm Lake to Cascade and brought her in, on a dead stick, with wheels retracted. Nobody gave him orders. So you're fired. Your check for salary to date, plus two weeks' pay in lieu of notice, is in the office."

HE WALKED over to the ship and climbed in. He thrust his head into the cockpit and said: "Evans, you're a man after my own heart. I'm the Chief Pilot, and you are no longer a second pilot. This is your ship. Appointment effective today."

He closed the door and went back into the galley. Maisie Armstrong, brief case in hand, was standing in the galley entrance.

"Hello, Wad," she greeted him cheerfully. "I'm cracked up more or less. Mind helping me down?"

"I'm the Chief Pilot, Maisie," he said sadly, "and a minute ago it became my imperative duty to fire your boy friend and promote Evans."

"You haven't fired any boy friend of mine, Wad. I swung off his range last night. As a matter of fact, I was never on it. He was just a nice boy until need for a man arose."

"Glad you take it that way, Maisie."

"Thanks for saving my life, Wad. Evans told me all about it."

"If you and I were only a pair of Chinamen, Maisie," he sighed.

"For heaven's sake, why?"

"In China, when one Chinaman saves the life of another, the saved life thereafter belongs to the saviour."

Maisie smiled and, what with a swollen jaw and bruises on her face, her smile was far from fascinating. "I had a suspicion, Wad, that the other night when you and Tim Casey were up to my digs for dinner, you had a weighty problem on your mind and yearned to get it off your mind."

"Of course I did. But it seemed to me you didn't want me to."

"You goose! I ground-looped just to see if you'd persist. And to my thorough disgust you didn't."

He pressed her inside the galley as Evans started to taxi the ship over to the hangar. He closed the door. "I make twelve thousand a year, Miss Armstrong," he announced. "I have money in the bank. I know of a little house with a garden, only about fifteen minutes from the airport, and it's for sale at a sacrifice. I could be persuaded to buy that house. I could even be persuaded to erect in the back yard of that property a magnificent edifice in which to house that pooch of yours. I have three months' vacation coming to me on full pay and I love you enough to want to marry you and remain married to you until I'm grounded for keeps. Only a very great lover could kiss a face in the condition yours is in, but I'm game."

"You'll never win a beauty prize, Wad, but thank God for your big square chin—without a cleft in it! How old are you, Wad?"

"Soon be thirty-six."

"I'll soon be twenty-six. Nice disparity of ages, I call it. And if you hadn't proposed to me today—you gorgeous idiot! Kiss me!"



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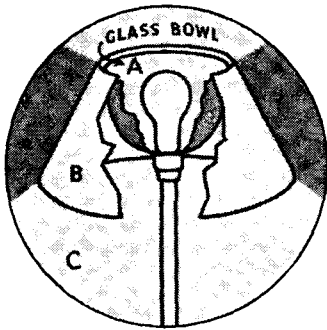
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The Boy Grew Bolder

Continued from page 15

strip, but if you don't mind my saying so, in the last year or so I don't quite believe them. They're getting as some people say, just a little—if you'll pardon the slang—phony."

Tom Neal blew his nose with a good deal of violence.

"Now, Miss Trammel, you ought to know about this kind of work as well as I do. Last month Colonel Carver was on a raft surrounded by twenty-five tiger sharks. They were all leaping out of the water and trying to bite him. He had one biscuit and half a pint of water, and the hot tropical sun was gradually reducing him to a state where he was about to go insane and jump in the water and let the sharks bite him. Now, do you mean to tell me that if I've got to draw pictures like that—and I've got to draw them, that's what the people want—I must go personally on a raft and get myself twenty-five tiger sharks and one biscuit and half a pint of water? Don't be silly."

"No, Mr. Neal. I wasn't as literal as all that. But I don't think it's healthy for you to sit here in this stuffy apartment and spray your throat every half hour and then draw pictures of Colonel Carver in an aeroplane which is falling on top of an iceberg near the North Pole."

"What's the iceberg got to do with a cold in my head?"

"DID you ever hear of Dr. Freud?"

"Of course I have. That's the old fellow in Vienna, and if you dream of church steeples or telegraph poles that means something and if you dream of toadstools and umbrellas that means the same thing. What are you getting at?"

"Well, Mr. Neal, it's just this. You're living your life in this comic strip. You're detaching adventure. You're becoming, if you will excuse me, a hypochondriac because instead of having any kind of lively and romantic life of your own, you are putting all that energy into these pictures."

"And that means that I ought to call up the Renton and date up Miss Viola Rosemont for cocktails this afternoon no matter how mad Millicent gets?"

"Oh, it isn't just Miss Rosemont. Maybe there wouldn't be any sense to that. She's probably just another of those foolish girls who's carried away with a sense of your name and importance. I just mean that you ought to look around the world and realize that the people you meet are just as real, and even a little more real, than those characters in your comic strip. You can't live all your life on that drawing board."

"You are right, Miss Trammel. Get me the Renton on the phone. Ask for Miss Viola Rosemont. Tell her that Tom Neal, the creator of Colonel Carver, is calling and when she comes to the phone I'll make a date with her, and it won't be tomorrow, or the next day; it will be this very afternoon. What do I care if my temperature is ninety-nine! As Colonel Carver has said in the present installment—'Not snow, nor gale, nor all the tortures of the frozen north can stay me from rescuing Doloreta!'"

At half past six that evening Tom Neal had indicated the proper answers for all the fan mail and started Colonel Carver in a seaplane for Tahiti, putting himself just one month ahead of the syndicate requirements. Miss Trammel helped him on with his overcoat and adjusted his muffler. She had to remind him of his rubbers. He was in such an adventurous mood that he almost went away without them.

Left to her own devices, Miss Trammel called on the phone and made a very

lame excuse to Millicent. Then she put the drawings in her pocket for delivery to the syndicate the first thing in the morning and locked up the apartment.

Her employer, the comic artist, stood at the hotel desk arguing with the room clerk. "I told you twice," he said, "the name is Neal—Tom Neal—it isn't Niles and it isn't Nil. Oh, what the hell, tell Miss Rosemont that Colonel Carver is calling. Maybe that's a name you know."

Viola Rosemont turned out to be three inches taller than her escort. She was young, good-looking, but just a shade on the hefty side and of the type which might be described as restless. At the finishing school she had been taught always to keep the conversation going. Talking to her was something like watching Bitsy Grant play tennis. She didn't have much on the ball but she could prolong the rallies.

"It was so kind, so very kind," she said, "for a busy man like yourself to take pity on a little Puritan girl from Boston. You know nothing ever happens in Boston. That's probably why we like Colonel Carver so much. But tonight we're going to have adventures of our very own. Isn't that right, Mr. Neal? The Winter Garden sounds fine. And after the theater you can do me a great favor. My friends tell me that there's a little place—a dive they call it—named the Dizzy Club and it's just too priceless."

"I don't know it," answered Neal, "and they don't know me. Perhaps we can't get in."

She lifted up her lovely head and laughed. "Imagine anybody not knowing you. Everybody has heard of Colonel Carver."

"But my name's Tom Neal."

"Oh, that's all right. Just take a pencil along and draw them a picture of Colonel Carver."

"They tell me," Viola Rosemont ambled on, "that the proprietor used to be a middleweight prizefighter. He killed a man in San Francisco in a four-round bout. And he loves to dance. No matter whom you're with, my friends tell me, he just comes over and says, 'Lady, does your gentleman friend object if I have this one?' Maybe we can get a whole new set of Colonel Carver pictures just out of this one evening."

"Maybe," said Tom Neal.

AFTER the performance at the Winter Garden, Neal found to his disappointment that the taxi driver did know the number of the Dizzy Club. The doorman was adamant at first, but Miss Rosemont got around the difficulty. "He really is the man who draws Colonel Carver," she insisted. "Just give him a pencil and a piece of paper and he'll prove it."

"Lady," said the doorman, "if you say so I'll take your word for it. You and Rembrandt can come in."

They had barely started on the second cocktail when Larry Blake, the proprietor, did saunter over. "Would you like to dance?" he said.

Tom Neal spoke up sharply: "The young lady doesn't care to dance!"

"Says you," replied Larry Blake and walked away.

Miss Rosemont twittered. "Why, you really are like Colonel Carver, after all. I didn't think so when we first met but now I know it. Just an old-fashioned Southern gentleman. I think it's fine. Suppose you and I dance and show the big ruffian how it ought to be done."

"I'm terribly sorry but I can't dance to amount to anything and, besides, I've got a terrible cold. It's pretty drafty out there on the floor. Let's just sit it out. I don't want to take any chances."

Larry Blake served the third cocktail himself. He leaned over Tom Neal as he asked, "How about this dance?"

Neal pushed him away. "I've told you once that the young lady doesn't care to dance with you."

"I'm waiting to hear her say it."

"But," began Miss Rosemont.

"I'll attend to this, Doloreta—Viola," broke in Neal. "Get away from this table and stay away."

Blake cuffed him across the eyes and the little man rose quickly but unsteadily to his feet. "Not all the tortures of the frozen north," he said a little thickly and swung his right. Blake rapped him in the mouth and down he went carrying the table with him. Miss Rosemont screamed and Neal clambered to his feet again. Blake swarmed into him and he was down for a second, a third, and a fourth time. Then the cops came.

"No charges against anybody," said Miss Rosemont. "Just a college-boy row. No, I won't give my name. Please get me a taxi and let me get out of this. His name is Tom Neal. You'll probably know him better if I tell you that he draws the newspaper strip Colonel Carver. He lives at 3 West 67th Street. See he gets there."

One week later Miss Trammel answered the doorbell of the apartment. It was Bill Snyder from the syndicate. "How's the Colonel?" he asked.

"The doctor says now that he's going to be all right. He was unconscious for forty-eight hours."

"Yes," said Snyder, "but we weren't worried so much. He's a month ahead on the Colonel Carver strip."

"I know, but yesterday he was up and around all afternoon. He drew some."

"That's why we're worried, Miss Trammel. He's still acting a little queer. Did you see what he drew?"

"No, he insisted on giving them to a messenger and sending them straight down. I thought it was funny."

"Take a look. He's got rid of Doloreta and put in a new heroine named Viola—that's all right. But look what he's done to Colonel Carver." He handed over a stack of strips for Miss Trammel's inspection. In the place of Colonel Carver, Neal had drawn himself in every pic-

ture. The last adventure showed Tom Neal to the life defeating a bully six feet tall in a barroom brawl. Neal was pictured as saying, "That will teach you not to lay a hand on General Neal."

Snyder tapped his forehead. "Cuckoo," he said. "I don't like it. Viola's all right, but not that General Neal stuff."

"It'll be all right," answered Miss Trammel. "The doctor says his mind will clear. He didn't know me yesterday."

"Well, let me know how things are going. It might be serious. We've got to keep him two weeks ahead."

"I'll let you know," said Miss Trammel.

SHE looked at the last strip and the character who had been christened Viola. It hadn't been inked in yet. An impulse seized her. With a heavy pencil she drew a mustache across the face of the lovely lady. Then she thought better of it and erased Viola's head completely. It was a full-face sketch. The balloon in the mouth of General Neal quoted him as saying, "Viola, I love you."

Miss Trammel drew another head from memory and for purposes of identification she equipped the girl with a stenographer's notebook and horn-rimmed spectacles. Suddenly Tom Neal was looking over her shoulder. "Not a bad idea," he said, taking the pencil from her fingers. "But we can't let that name stand either. By the way, what is your first name? I can't have him saying, 'I love you, Miss Trammel.' And that's the only name I know. What is your first name?"

"I can't tell you. You wouldn't believe me and you'd laugh at me."

"Why, it can't be as terrible as that."

"It isn't terrible at all. It's a pretty name, but it's such a silly coincidence."

"What coincidence?"

"My name is Doloreta."

Tom Neal did laugh. He held out his arms and said, "Not snow, nor gale, nor all the tortures of the frozen north—"

"Will you excuse me for just a minute," said Doloreta Trammel.

"For what?"

"I want to call up Mr. Snyder at the syndicate and tell him that you're all right again."



A good report card

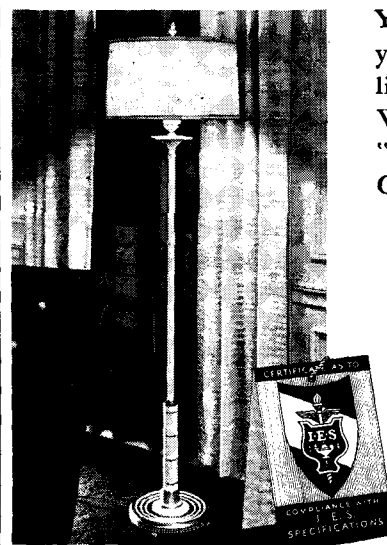
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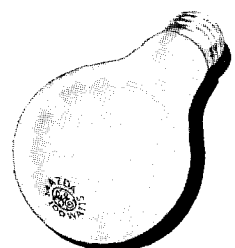
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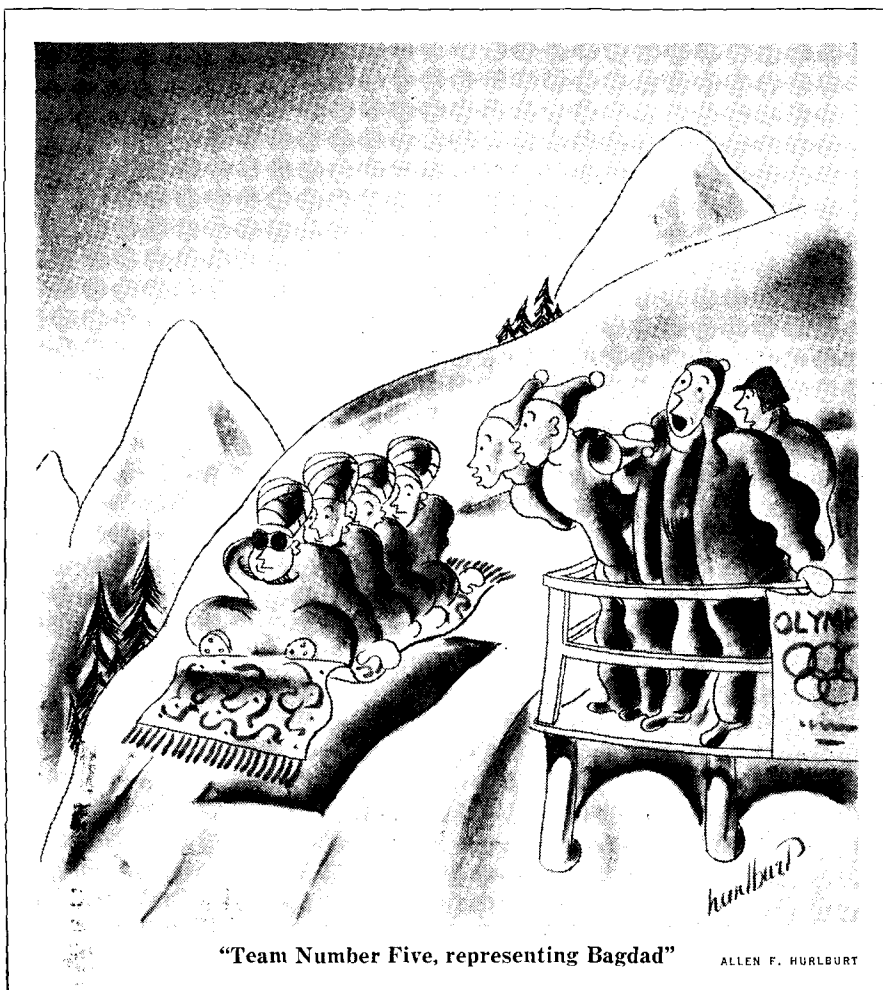
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Life Begins So Soon

Continued from page 13

—Boy Scout in all emergencies. I wasn't delirious? I didn't babble?"

So that was it! "I don't know," she said, closing her eyes against that scene. "I don't think so. I saw your hands move at the hospital. Ask Professor Bingham."

She went hastily away, but saw his eyes still unbelieving and resentful. He was wondering how much she knew. She shuddered: she knew more than she could ever be fond of. On the walk outside Whitman Hall, in a cold drizzle, David Bingham fell into step with her. His hat was drenched—he had been waiting for her! Resenting him, she was irrationally glad to see him.

"I looked you up in the Registrar's office," he said. "I found you gathered wisdom from Fifield's store, this hour. Let me feed you or restore you with drink."

FOUR o'clock and nothing to do till time to go to the Daily. "The Dean of Women might sanction a vermouth," she assented.

They strolled past fraternity row toward the apartment house where he lived, just across Tetlow River where it tumbled out of Shagbark Pond. It was pleasant to walk in the rain, chatting about her brother and that summer years ago. She forgot most of her resentment. But when they paused on the bridge over the turbulent stream she saw Helen and Tommy on a bench under a great oak, oblivious of rain and stream and passers-by. You saw them everywhere!

"That's the new romance that's thrilling the Gammass," she said, impelling David on. "My old beau, you know. The girl is my roommate. I don't like it too much."

She saw that David recognized Tommy, and suddenly her anxiety was stronger than ever. "David, I ought to interfere with it. And I can't. How can anyone possibly interfere in a love affair?"

His mouth fell into humorous curves and then was grim. "It's the best way to lose all your friends and the shortest way into trouble. Why have you got to, Caroline?"

Tommy's wild behavior at the Formal, Tommy's disgrace at the Year Book, Helen's impulsive innocence—the whole tangle ached in her mind. She couldn't say a word, she couldn't tell David about any of it, they weren't her secrets. She shoved her hands deep in her pockets and tramped on.

"I guess I don't have to," she muttered. "College is getting too complicated for me, that's all. I can't keep up, David; I'm just Dorothy Dale at Morrison U."

She had never been to his apartment before and probably the Dean of Women would not approve such faculty-student intimacy. She liked its simplicity, the plain colors, the high bookshelves, the graphs and chemical symbols on the papers that cluttered his desk. With a surprising dexterity David made some canapés and drinks, and then they sat in his study sipping vermouth while the rain outside the windows darkened toward evening. Caroline felt tranquil and friendly. It was easy to be amused and content with David.

He switched on a desk lamp, filling the room with brown shadows. "Caroline," he said suddenly, "what about Fifield? How well do you know him? Has he ever made a pass at you?" He stopped short and laughed. "I'm being pretty crude—I don't mean to shock you. But—has he ever been offensive?" She felt mature and honest. "I'm not a

child, David... I don't like him. Eighteenth-century literature gets pretty frank, you know, but he likes to discuss it with women too much. I think maybe a man who enjoys smutty epigrams is really making advances he hasn't quite got the nerve to make. I'm uncomfortable when he does that."

She looked at her glass for a minute. "He used to get pretty personal when I consulted him about my thesis. Once he asked me to dinner—I said no, thanks. Once he drove me to the Gamma house and I had to keep shoving his hand off my knees. Once at Paula Traggas' he was tight and grabbed me and kissed me."

"He's one of Morrison's swine," David said. "He's vicious and he could be vindictive. He could be pretty unpleasant. Stay away from him."

He filled her glass and they were silent and grave for a while. Then he said, "What about that telephone conversation?"

At once she wasn't liking David so much. The image in her mind was not the dim hall at the country club but David and Paula in orchestra seats at the musical show. To her own surprise she said, "I saw you the other night. At the theater."

David stared. Caroline was agitated, for that was a silly thing to say, and now she was aware for the first time that she had really resented the episode. His face showed a sudden comprehension. "Look here," he said, quite roughly, "I'm uncomfortable enough in this Traggas snarl without being suspected of belonging to the drove of Paula's suitors." He came over to touch her hand, partly in command, partly in appeal. "Maurice Traggas is my best friend, Caroline. I'm trying to help him out. I'm not making love to his wife."

An absurd feeling of relief flowed over her and she was all the more uncomfortable, for she knew her cheeks were flushing and David would think her a foolish child. There was nothing to do but plunge into an account of the telephone conversation she had overheard. She repeated it as faithfully as she could and described the turbulent emotions in Paula's face when she stood under the shaded light. David nodded, growing cold and granitelike. He was silent when she finished, thinking hard, at a great distance. Just like Emery, she thought with wan amusement—Emery was in the same quandary whether to tell her about Tommy's embezzlement. Oh, damn college life!

AFTER a while he said, "Paula lied to me. That was Fifield she was talking to, of course, and she told me she had no idea he was within miles of the country club... Maybe she didn't. Maybe she thought she had succeeded in heading him off."

He sat forward into the light. He looked old with bitter wisdom, concerned, resolute. Deep consideration in his eyes, holding hers. "You're quite right about Paula... This isn't pretty, Caroline, any of it. I'm profoundly sorry you got involved in it. The answer you wanted is this: it was Maurice Traggas who beat him up. For cause. For plenty of cause. Half the faculty suspects what happened but no one except you and me knows for sure."

"How do you know?"
"The best possible way. I accused Maurice and he told me." He paused before saying, "Maurice has left home. He's staying at the faculty club. He'll get a divorce, I think. He'll make Paula get one. Or else he'll sue, naming Fifield. I don't know."

The tawdry story sickened her. Dr. Fifield became ophidian in her mind, his weak possessiveness blotting out the image of his bandaged face. And Paula Traggas—how pitiful and how shameful!... David was talking again. "We ought to rejoice he didn't shoot him. I would have, in Maurice's place." He shook himself. "Then again, I wouldn't want Fifield alive in the world, nursing the humiliation of a beating from me."

She wanted to know much more but she couldn't press David—they'd said too much for one day. He seemed to feel the same constraint and so they were just chatting again and laughing, but with a new intimacy. He drove her home through rain and dusk that were curiously alive. She faced herself and admitted that her resentment of that scene at the theater was no more than plain jealousy at surrendering a friend to Paula, and was glad he couldn't see her cheeks this time. She said suddenly, "I'd like to know Dr. Traggas, David," and he said, "Good girl! I'll see to it that you do." When she got out, he said, "We'll be seeing each other," and she knew they would. She ran up the walk through rain, feeling warm and friendly and altogether at peace with the world.

IN MAURICE'S absence, his house was overrun with Paula's gang of the mal-adjusted. Afternoon or evening it was noisy with phonographs and laughter, people drinking cocktails everywhere and being smart and sophisticated with practically no effort whatever. Paula postured among them playing a flip-pant or a gallant role, brightly dressed, brightly painted, brightful conversational.

Dave loathed the place but must be forever answering her summons, going for Maurice's sake, hoping to find some clue or answer, watching Paula in case Maurice might need to know. She had for Dave an antagonism she no longer bothered to conceal but she endlessly tried to pump him about Maurice and just as endlessly told him things he was supposed to let Maurice know.

Some college boy—Dave recognized the chap whom Caroline had said she was once engaged to—seized her and danced a mock-heroic figure with her. Paula held her cigarette away from him, expertly following the burlesque steps, and then when he had finished, melted against him. The flushed young man kissed her and the onlookers applauded.

"You predatory beast, Tommy!" Paula said. "You wouldn't dare do that if I had a protector. You'd respect a woman's honor if my bulldog husband hadn't forsaken his trust." She touched the youth's cheek and moved across the room to Dave, her lips a rouged sneer. "You always arrive opportunely to be a Puritan, Dave. Am I sufficiently a scarlet woman to make you feel righteous?"

She was impelling him away from young Bohemia, out to the porch. "Your scarlet seems fairly pale, Paula," he said. "You do seem badly scared."

"I'm not scared!" Light from the windows fell on green net that covered her shoulders, on a flowered skirt that caressed the motion of her hips. She halted and was both hushed and shrill. "I want you to tell Maurice that this mulishness has lasted long enough. What does he intend to do?"

"I don't know. I wouldn't tell you if I did."

She said "Galahad!" with withering contempt. Then anger drove her quite out of hand. "I won't be made ridiculous! People can't snigger over me at

(Continued on page 46)



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Life Begins So Soon

Continued from page 44

the faculty club. I won't be laughed at. Maurice has got to come home, Dave. At once. Or—look, I'll make Morrison impossible for him. I'll drive him out of the university—I'll drive him out of teaching altogether. Do you understand? Then make him understand." She laid violent hands on his arm. "Take your knightly ideals in one hand and go tell him that. I'll make him regret the day he ever heard my name. I'll make—" she gasped hysterically, "I'll make a bum out of him."

She swept into the house, having neglected to suggest a method for the inconceivable. She seemed less dangerous in such meaningless threats than she had been before them. He started down the walk and met Fifield coming up it.

Fifield stopped. The bandages were gone from his face—which creased with antagonism. "I haven't thanked you for taking me to the hospital, Bingham," he said, "or for bringing my car in. I do thank you. Now let me advise you to forget about me."

What a curiously unpleasant worm it was! The Van Dyke, a weak insistence on masculinity, made a defiant angle. Romantic passions, Dave thought, certainly struck in the most unlikely places. This slight, feline man was not one he would have picked out as a great lover. "All right, Fifield," he said, "I'll try to live without you."

"Keep your tongue off me," Fifield said, "and your fingers out of my affairs."

It was a good, brave defiance and the little man resumed his march up the walk to where Paula waited for him in the midst of the emancipated young.

SENIOR girls had to be in early two evenings a week, juniors three evenings, sophomores four and freshmen five. There were established ways of circumventing the requirement. To dare the front door without signing in was simple but risked discovery by the conscientious Priscilla, the house-mother or the watchman. A sister might contrive to leave a kitchen window unlocked for you, but the watchman might lock it again and besides that meant confiding in a sister. Best of all was to slip the carefully loosened catch on the ventilator of the furnace room, drop shudderingly down, and flee through darkness up the service stairs. This took athletic skill and produced an abrasion known as "ventilator knee" but was quite safe and had the charm of adventure. These nights, Helen Herrick was employing it regularly, with severe attrition to Caroline's stockings.

Helen existed in a pink-quilted daze. She had never been so soft-eyed and breathless, the red-gold curls had never been so dizzy, her voice had never had such rounded overtones. Days had a soft west wind in them now and Caroline was forever meeting her with Tommy. The gap between afternoon and evening had to be bridged by a daily telephone call, with Helen rapturously sighing in monosyllables and taking twenty minutes to decide whether they should take a walk or go to a movie. She hardly made a pretense of studying and classes were just something to go to when Tommy had to be elsewhere.

It all amused Caroline and deeply disturbed her. Helen sensed her disapproval and had a private explanation and tried in childish ways to woo her—and ignored everything and plunged on. She would be waked by Helen singing off-key after a morning shower and would lie watching her fuss with her hair. "You're too young," she complained,

"Life hasn't touched you if you can sing before coffee." "Sing?" Helen said—"when it's getting to be April I can be a track girl." She upended herself in the handstand she had learned in athletic-dancing class, pointing her straight legs at the ceiling. She rose again, flushed and delightful. "You can't wear pajamas to your nine o'clock, Carol. Hurry, darling—spring's here and I'm famished and oh, Caroline, isn't it swell to go to college and learn things?"

With an eye to her own protection, Caroline bought stockings for her on her birthday. Helen giggled, appreciating the preventive measure. "No use. I'm pathological about them. I'll be back to yours in a week."

"How does it feel to be nineteen?"

"Like I'd better start getting in earlier if I don't want to look as antique as you. Oh, gosh, why are men so fascinating?"

CAROLINE regarded her from the peak of twenty and eight months. That perfect skin, like a baby's, those clear untroubled eyes! This Tommy nonsense would blow over. She needn't say anything. . . . They went down to breakfast and a few minutes later the chapter was reminded that it was a birthday by the arrival of a big box of flowers. Mary French called across the dining-room that, with Priscilla no longer eligible, they could certainly trust Helen to defend the cup for them. Betty Stevens said that they'd better put up a traffic light in the ventilator, then saw Priscilla and blushed. Helen buried her face in the fragrant box.

"Isn't he darling?" she demanded. "Doesn't he do the nicest things?"

Four dollars, five dollars?—that the Morrison Year Book had first claim on, and Tommy blithely holding to his accustomed path regardless. "He always did," Caroline said. "When there are more spectacular things to do, Tommy will do them."

"Don't kid yourself," Helen said swiftly. "He never gave a darn about you."

She marched off to phone the Tau Omicron house, doubtless getting Tommy out of bed, and to be grateful at inordinate length. That had been not at all a nice moment—they had practically slapped each other's faces. Caroline sighed. But now she knew the extent of Tommy's confidences about her to Helen. Just a little more than three weeks since he had buried his face in her lap and sobbed that he would love her forever.

A wire from Helen's father announced that by detouring on his way to Chicago he could be at Morrison around noon, and bidding her ask her roommate to luncheon. They ate lavishly at the Webster Arms. Mr. Herrick, an industrial banker upstate, was indulgent and amused. He was obviously Helen's slave and regarded her with an incredulous and tender amazement that she took shameless advantage of. He contrived to say privately to Caroline, "Her letters home are just flashes out of the void—who's this new young man she's lyric about; just another young man?" Caroline loyally suppressed her misgivings, "Just the spring passion—she'll have two or three more by June." He said, "Only an astrologer could keep track of her eternal fidelities," and smiled benignantly. He was charming and attentive and after lunch had the chauffeur drive them round the campus. Then he had to hurry away. He gave Helen some crisp new bills, saying "Go buy yourself some birthday clothes, kitten."

Helen embraced him madly and waved till he was out of sight, then turned de-

lirious eyes on Caroline. "Two hundred dollars! I'll make the Gamma house look like a museum of frumps. Cut any classes you've got—this is important."

There was a block near the campus where smart Chicago shops maintained branches. Helen descended on it with an energy at once warlike and religious. She found a knitted-string frock in one, a simple white evening dress in another and, in a third, a lilac tweed suit that was a climax beyond which she could not hope to go. Her frenzy stilled to prayer.

"See if you've got a hat that will go with it," she told the sales girl in the dressing-room. She jiggled, humming, before the mirror and caressed the skirt along her thighs. "Then all I'll need is shoes. Wasn't I born for it?"

Caroline smiled at that triple image of delight. "You little exhibitionist! Don't the sisters hate you enough already for your dimples?"

"Won't they want to poison me!" She patted it all over and started to take the jacket off but stopped and was pensive, taking in the whole image detail by detail. "And," she said softly, "won't Tommy adore it? Won't Tommy be proud of every stitch of it?"

It was quite impossible. Caroline couldn't have explained why that welling eagerness in Helen's eyes was heart-breaking, but it was. Nothing could come of this but desolation. Helen wasn't meant for murky obscurities—she was fair and shining, all surfaces and gayeties, too fragile, too delicate and fine. And Tommy—gay and fascinating, no doubt, but that splendor was cheap, tawdry, without fineness, without even decent honor, fundamentally worthless, even fundamentally dishonest. Caroline was trembling. She watched the unaware girl take off the jacket and unclasp the belt. Oh, it mustn't happen! It could mean only heartbreak—Helen would crumple and be blasted—it would be tragedy.

She said, "Helen, you mustn't fall in love with Tommy."

HELEN was stepping out of the lilac skirt. At once her face had the weariness, the suspicion, that had shown in it whenever they had drawn near the topic. She said, "Why not?" defiantly and her white forehead creased.

It was as hopeless as talking to a child. "You're too young," Caroline said with bleak vagueness. "You don't know what you're doing. You're playing with emotions that mustn't be trifled with. You've got years ahead of you before you grow up."

"I'm old enough to know what I want," Helen said fiercely. A crimson tide flowed over her cheeks and throat. "You're always saying that. Why don't you leave me alone?" She stepped into her own dress. "Grow up! Were you grown up when you were in love with him?" She crushed her hat down over the blond curls. "That's what's the matter with you. That's why you're always saying vile things about him. You're in love with him yourself and you know you haven't got a chance."

It was the pat and unforgivable answer. Caroline's anger rose in a gust it took her whole strength to restrain. What an unpredictable place for the inevitable scene—this small curtained dressing-room! "You little fool," she said, as quietly as possible, "I want to keep you from a mistake that could ruin your whole life."

"I see. Pure self-sacrifice. You love me and cherish me." Helen shrugged into her polo coat. The salesgirl came in with a tray of hats. Tears appeared on Helen's cheeks. "I don't want a hat," she said. "I don't want the damn' dress either, but sew up the hem and send it to the Gamma house." She flung some bills on the table and swept blindly out.

Caroline followed, her pulses stammering. Out to the street, and Helen walking swiftly, moving round people in a trance. "What a beautiful birthday you helped give me!" she sobbed. "Just out to make me spill over with joy, aren't you?"

She was in this far, she might as well go on. "You act like a child," Caroline said wearily, "I have to treat you like one. Look, Helen, I think too much of you not to object when you start falling for a man who isn't up to you."

"That's it! I'm too fine for him. I'm a pure thing, I'm exquisite and sensitive. You love me for my noble nature and you're just protecting me. Hooey!" She stopped in the middle of a block and showed Caroline eyes that were blazing behind tears. "All right. Why? What about Tommy? What do you know? Why am I too good for him? Why is it this big mistake to fall in love with him?"

LIKE a six-year-old who has had his fingers slapped! Caroline's mind rioted with hot words. Because you're used to decent people, and all the decent people in Morrison despise him. Because you're sweet and young and dewy and you'll just be something for Tommy to exploit, to plume himself on, to wear in his buttonhole—just a background for his spotlighted and preposterous acting. Because you mustn't fall in love with a sneak—worse, an embezzler. Because the very money he spends on you was stolen from the office his friends elected him to. . . . The words flared crimson—and she could not utter them. They would mean nothing to Helen, they would only be further evidence that she was jealous, they would only plunge Helen into Tommy's arms.

Or am I a coward? she wondered miserably. Am I afraid to hurt her? No. Helen wouldn't be hurt. She would only be more convinced, more obstinate, more willful.

"What a liar you are!" Helen said hotly. "You don't know anything at all about me and all you know about Tommy is that he wouldn't have you. He got tired of you and now you're sore. Don't ever talk to me about him again. Don't talk to me at all!" The spirited outburst slowed to tears again. "You can't stop me. I'm in love with him, I'm crazy about him, and you've got to shut up. I think he's in love with me. Oh!" she sobbed hysterically, "do you think I care what you think? You're just a girl he turned down."

She shook her head and turned away, surging across the street through clotted traffic. . . . Well, Helen was in love with him and it couldn't be stopped. Caroline damned the words she hadn't been able to say, the words that must be said. Tommy's dark, magnetic face rose in her mind—oh, weak and corrupt, outcast and dishonorable, making love to Helen. Caroline knew with what urgent belief he could make love. They would be engaged, they would be married, and nothing could stop it.

When she got back to the house Priscilla Farley told her that Helen had asked to room with someone else. "We can't do that. It's bad policy—everybody would be getting mad and changing. What did you fight about? Unless you want to, Carol. I'd do it for you. Betty Stevens would adore to room with you."

"No," Caroline said morosely. "Don't be upset. She'll forget about it."

Helen came in very late that night and undressed in the dark, saying nothing. The next morning she refused to show signs of being awake till Caroline had dressed and gone. It was Saturday, a bright warm morning, April at last and touches of tender green dusting a few trees. She had an hour examination in American history, and then the cam-

(Continued on page 48)

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ALKA-SELTZER, MY BOY LETS YOU EAT AND FORGET
FRIED POTATOES AND STEAK GET MY STOMACH UP-SET!
COLDS
ACID-INDIGESTION

(Continued from page 47)

pus, Morrison University, the whole setup of college life seemed insupportable. She couldn't go back to the house. She lunched at Keller's Cellar.

Emery Smith, a sandwich and a side of beer in one hand, came over and sat down by her. "It's dangerous to have Pre-Raphaelite hair and gray eyes in April. I'm fat and I need a haircut. But this is fair warning—I'm going gaga about you."

"If one more person at Morrison goes gaga I'll scream and scream. What can we do with the prairies' loveliest afternoon?"

Emery pondered. "First baseball game—Ohio State—poisonous. Interclass track meet—lethal. Watch the cross-country lads stagger in? Canoe on Shagbark Creek? Interview the Dean of Women about spring flirtations? Let's walk."

"Far enough so people will think my Gamma pin means I belong to Eastern Star."

THEY drove to the experimental forest west of Lake Maitland and strolled on empty paths among pines and hardwoods. In forest quiet, deep shade and powdery blue sunlight the world was cheerful again. She forgot the perplexities of co-ed hearts. Emery helped her over a windfall and quaintly kissed her fingers. Good old Emery! She took his arm and there were decayed leaves to kick and tangles to break through and little hills to climb.

"Imagine," Emery said, "Steve was willing to date that blond moron you live with. But no! She couldn't be bothered. It's Steve we're talking about, Steve Abbott."

"She's *tout à fait* gaga. About Tommy Pierce. Nothing can stop it."

"It's a sweet sex you picked out to join. I'd rather belong to Beta Zeta. Look, if I stole the Daily's cash box, would that give me the inside track with you?"

They came to where an arm of Lake Maitland led deep into the forest, and followed the shore westward. Ahead of them someone was shooting desultorily, the sharp reports echoing through the trees. The beach curved in and they came suddenly on a little log shack with a platform above the water. Caroline turned cold, for Paula Traggas was on the platform and Dr. Fifield and David Bingham—and, amazingly, Helen and Tommy Pierce. This must be the place she'd heard of, Dr. Traggas' cabin where he loafed and fished and wrote his papers.

There was no turning back. "We've got to hurry on to San Francisco," she whispered to Emery. They went forward and said hello.

She could not have imagined less enthusiasm. Dr. Fifield nodded curtly, levelled an automatic pistol at a stick floating in the lake, and went on shooting. Paula said, "Hello, dear," in an insolent, dull tone and looked at her stonily, ignoring Emery. Helen said nothing but gazed out across the lake, her chin raised. Tommy said, "Caroline," and could neither meet her eyes nor look anywhere else, his face turning brick red.

Emery said affably, "Just out for the view," and they walked on. Two minutes later Bingham shouted at them and hurried up. "I hate to be forever breaking in on this pairing," he said, "but I seized my chance. I was dragged out here on a picnic. Young Pierce and his blonde happened in—they'll do for chaperones. Say the word and I'll leave you, now I've got away."

"Stick around," Emery said. "Old Doc Fifield, now—does he lead the sportin' life as well as get himself run down by cars?"

Caroline had learned to recognize the

flowing anger that elongated David's stride and roughened his voice. "All these Don Juans do everything to increase the power they're afraid they haven't got. Fifield owns a dozen guns—look what a fierce swashbuckling giant a little man can be when he shoots guns." He probably regretted that as indiscreet, and said humorously, "He and Pierce have been competing so earnestly that I wondered which woman they were shooting for."

They had a companionable hour on the way to Emery's car. But driving them back, Emery grew stolid and was almost sulky when he let them out at the campus. He said, "Go frivol your empty life away with the faculty—I've got to line up Monday's Daily." Yellow sunset shone on David Bingham's face and his eyes were lonely. "It would be plain Christian compassion if you'd have dinner with me," he said. She ought to go to the Daily for a while and Emery's sulkiness bothered her, but the thought of dinner at the house was painful, for Helen might be there. An evening with David suddenly became a refuge and an assurance.

"Give me ten minutes to change," she said, "and then if you'll take me to dinner it will be a lot more than mere compassion."

He drove to Barnaby, forty miles northeast, which amused Caroline, for it was where eloping students were traditionally supposed to go. But there was a good restaurant there and they ate a leisurely dinner with a bottle of Bordeaux. The world smoothed into place and the tired look went out of David's face and she felt serene. It was so different from dining with a college boy! They drove slowly back to Webster, talking easily, laughing easily, making pleasant discoveries about each other.

"Your roommate is a sweet child," he said unexpectedly. "I hope she has sense enough to see through cellophane."

That brought everything back and suddenly she was giving herself the great relief of telling David the whole tangle. Her apprehensions about Helen, Tommy's untrustworthiness, the miserable scene at the Formal, and at last, the worst of all, Tommy's embezzlement from the Year Book.

"I know all about young Pierce," he said.

Caroline gasped. What had Emery said about college secrets? "Good heavens, David, are you the faculty detective bureau? How do you know so much?"

"It gets thrust on me." He was silent for a while. Then, "That's a bad egg, Caroline. He's almost a case-history for Traggas. I'm sorry you were ever mixed up with him. I resent his knowing you. I hope you don't get drawn in any further."

"Into what? Nothing could happen to me. It's Helen I'm worried about."

"Maybe you needn't be," he said impulsively. He seemed to regret that too, as if he had said too much again, then went on. "Paula may save you that worry. She was playing Fifield and Pierce against each other in a most illuminating way."

CAROLINE shivered. A feeling of oppression and disgust engulfed her. There were too many complexities, too many dark and twisted bypaths. "I understand Peter Pan," she said. "I could sigh for the carefree days of freshman year when the troubles of the female heart were only hoping some Phi Psi could be induced to take you to the Prom."

"Forget that crew. They're all on the lunatic fringe. Only—" he was solemn again, "I don't want you spattered with any of it, Caroline."

His hand left the wheel to touch her cheek, to hold her chin for a moment, then fell away. "Let the troubles of the

female heart go to blazes. We're surrounded by the demented but we're sane." That touch lived on her cheek for quite a while and she sat very much aware of him in the darkness. He had fixity and strength, he was a reassurance. She had had before this a feeling that if she turned to him for help he wouldn't fail her, and now he hadn't failed her. They drove on in friendly silence and she heard the orchestra playing for that dance when for a moment the world had been perfect. Her apprehensions seemed unreal. Paula Traggas, the undesirable Fifield, Helen and Tommy withdrew beyond the horizon of her mind. She wanted to reach out and touch David's sleeve.

He stopped the car at the curb. A huge oak stood there, just where the drive curved up to the house, cutting off the light from the arc at the corner. That oak had been charitable to the good nights of many generations of Gammas. Caroline felt herself flushing with that realization and hastily got out of the car. David took her hand. "I seem to be stopping here a lot, recently," he said. "It's a policy that could be improved only by repetition." His hand tightened. "Good night, my dear. Nothing's going to happen. If anything does we'll stop it, you and I."

He had saved the day and evening for her, had given her a feeling of warm gratitude, of self-esteem. She went upstairs remembering the play of humor and irony across his rugged face. Helen wasn't home but had evidently been in and changed her clothes. An envelope was centered on Caroline's desk. From the Daily. Steve or Emery had sent it over by a candidate, probably. She ripped it open and read Emery's wide scrawl:

"I'm asking pardon for the vapors. I got sore because that faculty slicker horned in on my afternoon. Served me right. Sure I'm gaga about you. Whoever isn't gaga about you is just dumb. But don't worry. I won't get ornery. Stout boys know better than to be romantic."

SHE stood reading it over and over. Then slowly tore it to little bits. Oh, Emery! She didn't want him to get romantic! Tears stung her eyes. She didn't want anything except the old basis—bluff, good-humored fellowship. Everything was changing and time was hurrying on and she couldn't like it. Emery's round, calm face bothered her after she was in bed, but as she drifted asleep it wasn't Emery's face she was seeing.

When she woke morning sunlight showed Helen asleep in the bed across the room and looking about eight, one round arm stretched out, the red-gold curls fantastically tumbled, the white forehead serene. Caroline got up and began to dress quietly, as always finding innocent loveliness somehow pitiful. . . . Helen's clothes were scattered everywhere. The lilac suit was half on and half off a chair. The pink blouse that went with it drooped from the desk.

Caroline's breath caught. She went over and looked down at that blouse. Yes! Unmistakably a Tau Omicron pin, the little cross of green enamel and gold, with three stars and a crescent. No need to turn it over and look at the initials on the back. Had only four months passed since, trembling with shy rapture, she had fastened that pin to her own blouse?

David was wrong. It had happened and nothing could be done about it, and time moved fast, everything changing. She stood looking down at Helen's closed eyes, at the soft mouth parted in the shadow of a smile. A sense of loss and fatality, of sheer helplessness and grief, overwhelmed her. Nothing could be done about it.

(To be continued next week)

Call It Fun

Continued from page 23

technique. Hal LeRoy twitches a mean eccentric step, and James Barton can bring down the house with his leg-a-mania antics in long clown shoes, though he's a star, too, of the eccentric dance and the soft and hard shoe. If that doesn't put you in enough of a whirl, consider Pat Rooney, the children's idol, waltz clogging to the tune of Daughter of Rosie O'Grady; Peg Leg Bates, the colored performer, who puts many a two-legged dancer to shame as he leaps through the air and comes down tapping on his one good leg. . . .

But these professional accomplishments are not the goal in even half the popular rush for tapping shoes. Tapping has been discovered as fun. At the same time, with the lithe figures of Ginger Rogers, Ruby Keeler and Eleanor Powell before them, the girls have suddenly tumbled to tapping as an all-round limbering, reducing and beautifying exercise hard to beat. In fact, in some reducing classes the famed West Point exercises, strenuous and popular erasers of extra avoirdupois, have given way at the half-hour to a wind-up of tapping to carry on the pound-melting and at the same time relieve muscle strain and tension. For you can't be tense and stiff and a good tapper, too. To show you further what tapping can accomplish physically, there is the true story of the little girl, with one leg shorter than the other from infantile paralysis, who learned to tap and actually stretched and strengthened the shorter leg till her lameness was no longer noticeable.

First of all, for a little encouragement, if you can count to four you can tap. It's done to counts—step, shuffle, step, step—one, two, three, four. After that it all depends on balance, timing and rhythm. And most important of these is balance.

When you stand on your left foot your weight should be centered over that foot so that the right is entirely free to move. The weight is always centered in that way and at command, and tap dancing is a regular shifting of weight from left to right, right to left, like walking. The steps flow along smoothly, each ending in position for the next. So concentrate on that and never let yourself get in such a fix that you are wobbling around on one foot unable to go on from there, while the music is calling you to set off in the other direction.

Close to the Ground

The right shoes are part of the secret, puts in James Barton. And by that he means the oxford-type tapping shoe which is now being made for women as well as men; well-balanced in the toe and usually equipped with a metal cleat, though Mr. Barton prefers a fiber tip. There is also the wooden shoe which practically taps itself, and which on the magic feet of a Bill Robinson can burst into a storm of clear, hard taps.

And in chorus with Lew Lewis, he advises you never, never to let one foot do what the other can't. Be equally versatile with both feet, and not only will your style of dancing be better, but your balance is bound to benefit. If you find yourself letting one side off easy, be stern about it and start out on that side first.

Now that you're poised, weight centered over one foot, let's check up on your timing. With your weight on your right foot, shuffle the left foot slightly forward and step down in place on it, shifting your weight entirely to that foot. Reverse, shuffling forward with the right foot, stepping down as you shift your weight right. This shuffle step left, shuffle step right is done to an even

count of one (shuffle left), two (step left), three (shuffle right), four (step right), and you go on and on and on till your timing is perfect. All the movement is from your hips down and in a straight line forward. Eleanor Powell never lets a day go by without half an hour of this, so you can see how important it is.

Right here the lovely Eleanor springs up and, shaking a warning finger at you, demands that you dance like a truck driver. She is very emphatic about that. "Most girls," she says, "hop and jump up in the air and think they are tapping. But the idea is to keep your feet close to the ground, to make yourself heavy, heavy." She pressed her hands down on her hips and maybe she felt heavy, but she didn't look it.

Like a Veteran Hooper

But Jack Donohue made sure of it when she was learning by sitting on the floor and holding her ankles down while she did her shuffle, step, shuffle, step. Then he stood up and put his hands on her hips and bore his weight down while she tried to do her steps. Having struggled under such difficulties, she can now claim to dance closer to the floor than any other tap dancer, and no one rises up to dispute her.

Being of an impulsive nature and eager to get on, you have probably had enough of these preliminaries by now, and are all for stepping off into a little dance. How about a waltz clog then, à la Pat Rooney, with Daughter of Rosie O'Grady, or East Side, West Side playing softly in the corner? This is how you do it:

Step down on the left foot (weight centered over it, remember), and shuffle the right foot by swinging it forward, brushing the ground with the ball of the foot, keeping the foot extended in the air, then swinging back, brushing the ground lightly. Step down on the ball of the right foot, the toe being in position by the left heel, and your weight immediately shifting right to the ball of that foot. Then, step left, shifting weight left, the foot flat on the ground. This all to an even count of four—one, step left; two, shuffle right (forward and back); three, step right; four, step left. Now reverse this, stepping right, shuffling left, stepping left, stepping right, and you have accomplished the fundamentals of a waltz clog routine, giving you a chance to get in time, fast or slow, with the music.

We'll agree you're doing pretty well, weight centered, timing good, light and easy above, with a long, hard movement from the hips down. (Make it good and hard, too; women particularly don't bear out their taps hard enough.) Your arms are swinging freely, at your sides, making easy movements in line with your feet, and that's right, too. It's graceful and makes for better balance.

Now for one final admonition from accomplished dancers. Take it slowly, they say. There's no rhythm in fast dancing, just a flurry. Your good dancing will show up better, too, to a slow, even tempo, and no one can accuse you of going fast to cover up your mistakes. And people like it to look simple, says the knowing Eleanor; like to say, "That looks so easy, I know I could do that." Then when you've impressed them with your great style, when you've woven your steps together with a sure rhythm, when you have everyone tilting and tapping and laughing with you, then burst into a swift rush of steps for a whirlwind finish and "wow" them like a veteran hooper.

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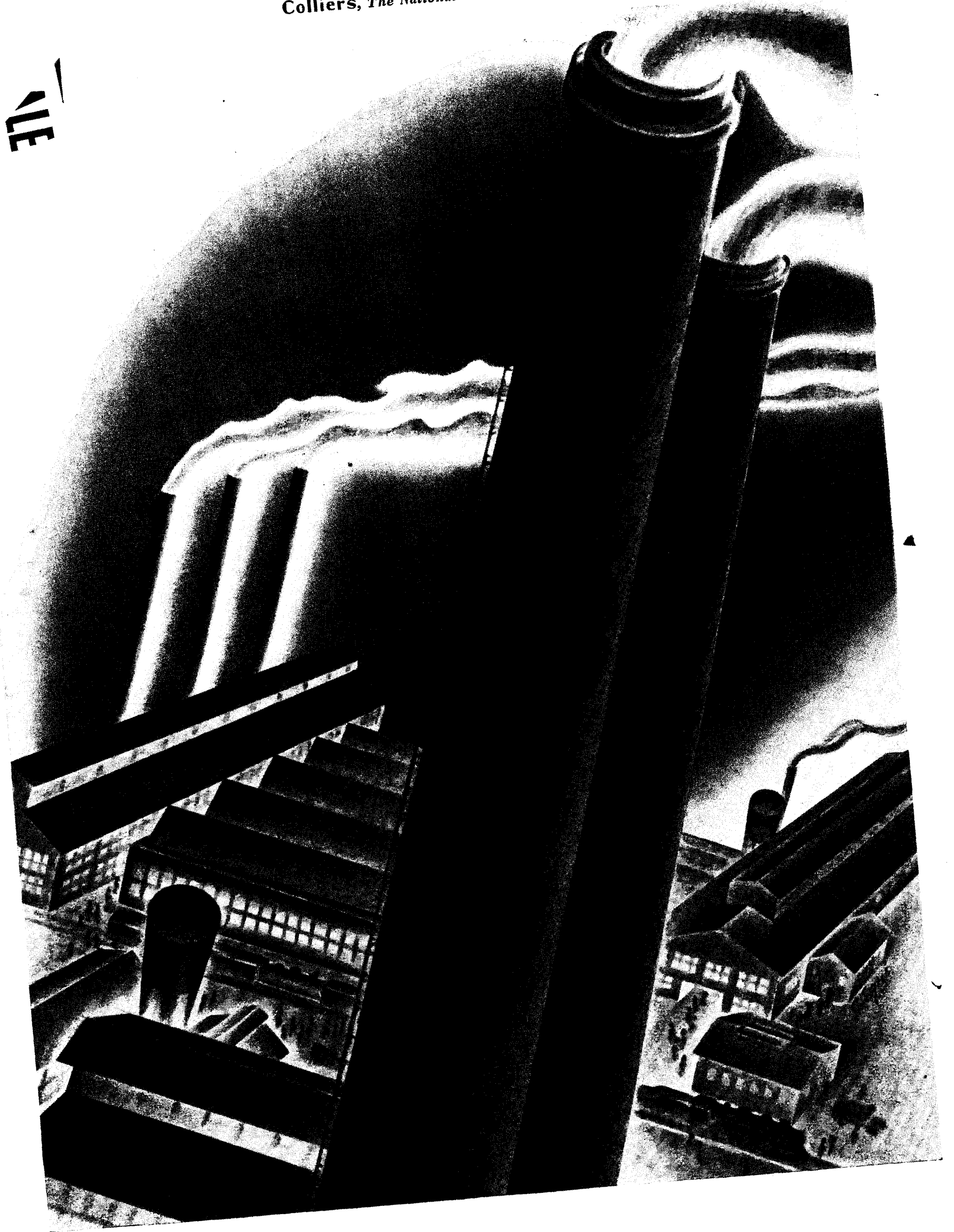
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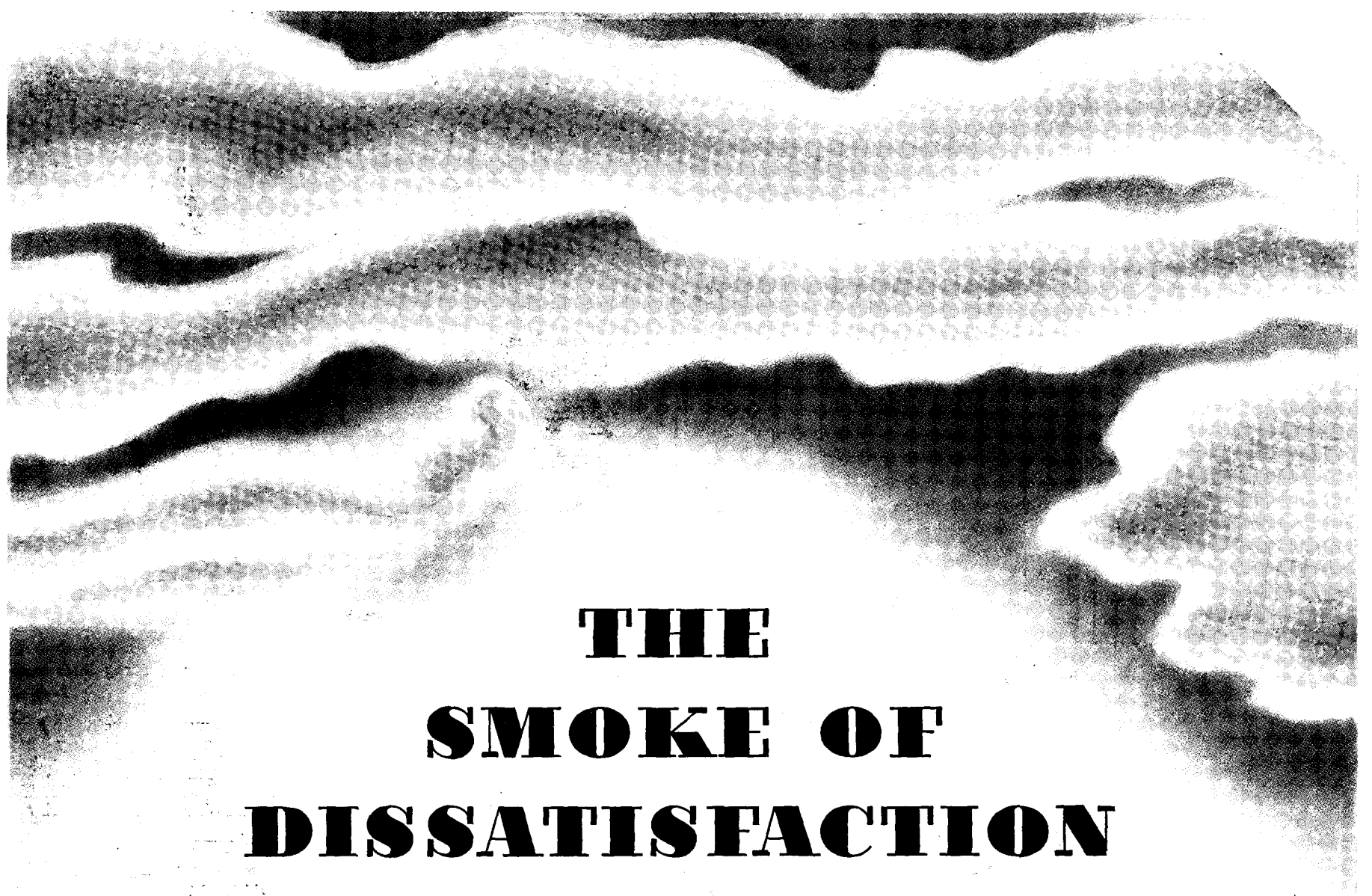
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Dissatisfaction? Yes, the dissatisfaction that gears industry up to a higher pitch. The dissatisfaction of a great group of eager, impatient Americans that obsolesces motor-cars; that antiquates radios; that outmodes

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Collier's

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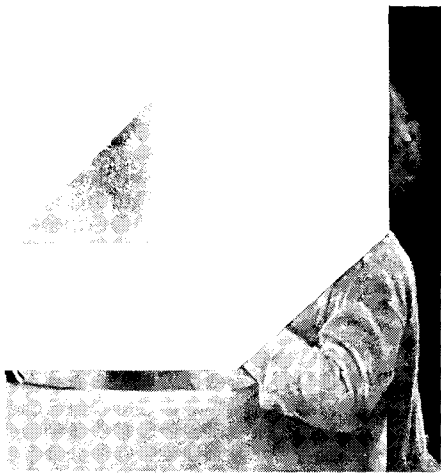
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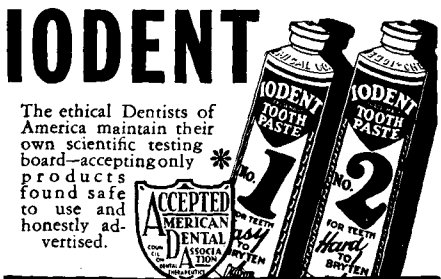
Sometimes They Like It

Continued from page 20



AND CHILDREN LOVE ITS MINTY TINGLE

Flavor that delights young palates makes Iodent the ideal toothpaste for children as well as adults. Even little tots love its minty taste and cool, refreshing tingle. They brush their teeth regularly without coaxing. Soon teeth sparkle. An important, lifelong habit is quickly formed. Most important of all, Iodent gives you absolute safety—assured by the A.D.A. Seal.*



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We gave it GULFOIL;
Now it sings so sweet.

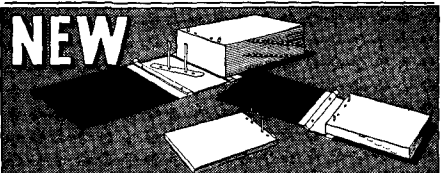
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"Yes," said Sally. "Oh, yes, it is!"
"But they say it's going to be a cold winter—another mighty cold winter."

Sally knew that this must be wit, but she knew that it wasn't a wit that was stinging. So before she realized what was happening she was chatting quite gayly with Mr. Welles.

"He wants to take me to 'Jubilee,'" she reported, breathlessly, to Jonas. "Would it—do you think it would be all right for me to go?"

Jonas suppressed an impulse to stalk across the room and flatten the distinguished playwright's button-shaped nose. There was no sense to this. Gordon Welles was a skittish old fool, but Sally would be safe with him.

"It would be good publicity," he admitted.

Sally's eyes glowed.

"Do you know—I think I'm beginning to get on to this!"

"And you like it?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. It seems to me that life was simpler in Petersville."

"Of course it was," said Sally. "But who wants a simple life?"

AND from that moment, apparently, the life of Sally Henderson ceased to be simple. She was seen here and there about the town with Gordon Welles, a fact that was reported in the newspapers. Then Mr. Welles went to Bermuda, and Sally shifted, for the benefit of photographers, to the right arm of Eliot Blanding, a promising young English actor who was a natural for the theatrical news.

She was on the crest of the wave when she met Paul Rothenberg. She had all the poise in the world—which was just about poise enough to withstand the great Rothenberg's observant eye. The meeting took place in Jonas Cole's office. Rothenberg had seen the screen tests and had not committed himself. Miss Dayton had done what she could with the office. She had drawn silk curtains against the dying blaze of the winter sun; she had permitted light to filter softly through shades of old ivory parchment; she had arranged deep red roses in a copper bowl.

Jonas retreated to a corner of the room, and lit one cigarette from the butt of another—scowling. But Sally, miraculously, was not nervous—being in control of everything that Sam Peters had taught her about her diaphragm. She sat very still, her hands curled in her lap. There was nothing about her that was wrong and she knew it.

"So!" said Paul Rothenberg. "So you'd like to go into pitchers?"

Sally smiled at him tranquilly.

"I'd like to, Mr. Rothenberg."

"And Jonas here has explained that it's work—that it's hard work?"

Sally nodded.

"I don't mind that," she said. "If you think I have any talent—"

"Talent? Oh, you ain't no Bernhardt. But there's none of 'em Bernhardts no more. What I do say is you look like a nice little girl." Mr. Rothenberg nodded, thoughtfully. "And there's plenty nice little girls but not so many that look like nice little girls. That's what I tell Jonas here. Now! Maybe a little contract—" Mr. Rothenberg shifted his right hand, back and forth. "Something that's fair to the one party and fair to the other party—"

Then, and not until then, did Jonas come forward. Sally admitted, after Mr. Rothenberg had gone, that she would have been lost without Jonas.

"Well, I guess that about winds it up,"

he said. "You'll be leaving for the Coast in the morning and—"

He stopped, abruptly. He had wanted to ask her if she'd spend her farewell evening with him. But he had recalled, in time, the rumors of her engagement to Eliot Blanding. And there was no use in telling himself that Blanding wasn't good enough for her. Blanding was one of the best. And the boy had a career before him as bright as all the lights on Broadway.

"I heard someplace that young Blanding was going to Hollywood, too," said Jonas casually.

"Why, yes . . . oh!" Sally stared at him. "I'd forgotten—I'd promised to telephone—do you mind?"

Jonas shook his head and, tactfully, turned his back as Sally put her finger on the dial. But it was impossible not to gather, from the distaff side of the conversation, that Sally was coldly turning down a date for the evening. Jonas was sorry for the boy, but for the first time in months he had that old feeling—the feeling of ice in his palms. Then Sally was putting down the telephone and turning to him with a slightly amused smile.

"Gordon Welles is back in town," she explained, "and he's asked me to go to the Mufti Club. It would be much better from a publicity point of view to go with Mr. Welles—or don't you think so?"

She leaned back in her chair and looked at him with that same tranquil smile she had turned on Paul Rothenberg. But he did not answer her question.

"Yes," he said, staring at her, "you're practically perfect, Sally. I didn't do so much for you. You had it all. And it won't be long before every other girl in the United States is copying the way you smile, the way you comb your hair—" He paused, and turned a little away from that tranquil gaze. "Yes, you've gone a long way in six months—but six months ago you wouldn't have turned down a nice ambitious kid for a paunchy, middle-aged playwright. You wouldn't have figured your smiles in terms of dollars and cents—you wouldn't have spent your last night in town with a man who—"

He paused again, this time because Sally was laughing.

"Did you think that Eliot Blanding was in love with me, Jonas? He's not. He has a girl friend back in England. She has freckles all over her face and she wears old tweed skirts and she putters about in a garden. He thinks there's nobody like her in the world, but while he's in New York we go places together because it's good publicity. It's been a sort of business agreement between us, Jonas."

"Well!" he roared. "Well, that makes it almost worse! Don't you ever have a thought in your head that isn't as calculating as the gas meter? Don't you ever realize that you're a girl from Petersville—and not perfection itself tied up in cellophane?"

"I—"

"Don't you ever think about anything but your career? Don't you realize that no man who's any kind of a man is going to fall in love with a picture out of a rotogravure—a living headline—a beautiful automaton—a— Now what are you doing?"

"I'm laughing."

"That's a funny kind of laughing."

"Never mind. I guess you haven't any sense, Jonas."

"And what makes you say that?" he asked, desperately.

"WELL, if it weren't impolite to say that you were a big ape, I'd say that you were the biggest ape I ever saw, Jonas darling. Because, naturally I fell in love with you the day you told me everything that was the matter with me, and I made up my mind then and there to be just what you wanted me to be—and now anybody would think—I don't know what they'd think!"

And she wept, for a while, in his arms.

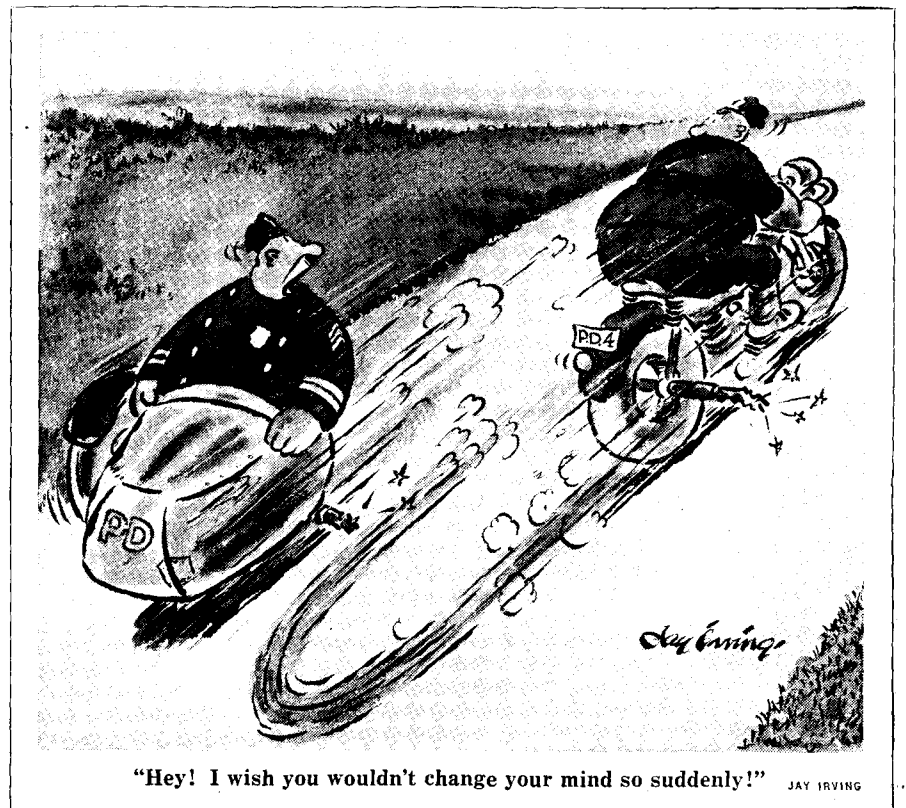
"Nevertheless," insisted Jonas, baffled in the midst of his bliss, "this is a pretty how-do-you-do. Me with one foot chained to this office and you going to the Coast—"

"Oh—the Coast!"

"Yes. The Coast. You know, darling. The Pacific Coast!"

But now she was looking at him with the indulgence she would have accorded a child of two.

"That can wait," she said.



Going! Going! Gone!

Continued from page 21

miserably in the Red Lake Refuge in Minnesota, a sad remnant of a once noble race. We've really done a very nice job of exterminating the caribou.

Mr. Forty-niner might have and undoubtedly did see Indians proudly displaying necklaces of grizzly claws and, had he but known it, those who wore them were the most courageous and respected members of the tribe. They had killed the dreaded grizzly bear, perhaps the most ferocious wild animal on the continent. The grizzly bear had the utmost contempt for the primitive weapons of the Indians and he had no fear at all of anything in the world. An Indian who killed a grizzly could, from then on, sit at the head of the table. It took civilization to kill the grizzly bear. Once he lived in great numbers in the Rockies but he developed a sweet tooth which was satisfied only by beef à la mode which he usually took from the best herds of livestock in the West. At one time there was a bounty of one thousand dollars a head on this outlaw and it wasn't long before the grizzly became a miracle—not a menace. Today even in the Rockies there are very few mamma, papa or baby bears to worry about who stole the porridge.

Yes, when Mr. Forty-niner set out, this country had wild life in greater abundance and diversity than any other country in the world. All sorts of grass-feeding animals—bison, antelope, elk and mountain sheep; all sorts of large game and a dozen or so varieties of fur-bearing animals were making this their home. And then civilization went to work. Today you can fly from New York to Los Angeles and see no wilder animal than the squirrel.

To date, there has been a remarkable and wholehearted apathy toward wild-life restoration on the part of the general public. This is understandable enough. A farmer might shudder at the thought of having wild life about to hurt his crops and steal his chickens and keep him awake nights with weird cries. But if you showed a farmer that he could raise wild life as he raises crops and that the financial return would in the end be even greater—then he undoubtedly would be interested.

Lo, the Poor Buffalo

The city or suburban dweller, unless he is an occasional hunter of ducks or rabbits, is likewise uninterested. The problem doesn't touch him. It is too remote. Show him, however, that wild life is a tremendous industry, that wild-life restoration would mean that he could buy a fur coat for his wife without mortgaging his house and car, that taxes accruing from the sale of fur and the sale of guns and ammunition would eventually benefit him and his community—then he too might be interested.

It is commonly supposed that wild life has been exterminated to the extent that it has because of the white man's gun. As a matter of fact—if we omit consideration of birds for the moment—there are probably more people killed by street accidents each year than there are wild animals killed by guns. It has always been a popular fallacy that absence of bullets meant abundance of wild life. Of course in the past, especially in the last century, guns did play frightful havoc with wild life. There is, for instance, the question of the bison—and it's so difficult not to call him a buffalo. Let's stop trying. From now on he's a buffalo.

The Indian in the plains country absolutely depended upon the buffalo for life. The buffalo supplied him with every-

thing he needed in the way of food, clothing and shelter. During the final drive of the white man against the Indian the astute soldiers realized that warfare could go on indefinitely unless the Indians' source of supply was cut off. Usually an army has a supply base. If the enemy captures it the army might as well look around for a white flag or a high tree to climb. But in those days the Indians had a very mobile supply base. Every buffalo herd in the country acted as its supply base. So the government decided to take the regrettable but necessary step of exterminating the Indians' supply base—that is, the buffalo.

Frontier army posts furnished free arms and ammunition to buffalo hunters and did everything possible to encourage this war of destruction. And the buffalo, having no weapons except a shaggy hide, a strong back and a weak mind, finished a bad second. In fact, he finished. Once he was gone the Indian was helpless and the United States won another more or less glorious war.

More Laws—Less Wild Life

When the railroads were pushing their way west, eventually to the Pacific Coast, the buffalo innocently helped complete that important job. Thousands of husky construction crew workers satisfied their husky appetites with buffalo stew, buffalo steaks and other buffalo entrees. The railroads even hired crews of buffalo hunters whose rifles helped diminish the then vast herds.

But guns, outside of a few isolated incidents of that sort, have been only one factor in the gradual disappearance of wild life. The Pilgrims had no sooner landed on that famous rock than they began to set up regulations and restrictions regarding the number of animals that a man could kill before going into the dock. In those days, and especially in that part of New England, there was more wild game than you could shake a switch at. Yes, they had shooting restrictions, but it was considered all right to kill off all the trees in sight, to drain swamps and make arid lands out of hitherto fertile territory and to set cumbersome traps that might kill anything that walked into them. But there were restrictions on shooting.

Each succeeding generation held blindly to the belief that wild life would multiply if only you'd put that gun away, and more and more laws were passed regulating and restricting shooting. By 1915 the United States had more wild-life laws than any country on earth—and less wild life.

Dr. E. W. Nelson of the U. S. Biological Survey was one of the first men in authority to realize that wild life had other enemies besides lead shot. Together with such men as Dwight W. Huntington, Dr. George Bird Grinnell, Charles Sheldon, Dr. John C. Phillips and many others he attempted to draw the attention of the American public to the rather self-evident fact that the preservation of its natural habitat was quite as important to the perpetuation of any species of wild life as was the keeping alive and preservation of its breeding stock.

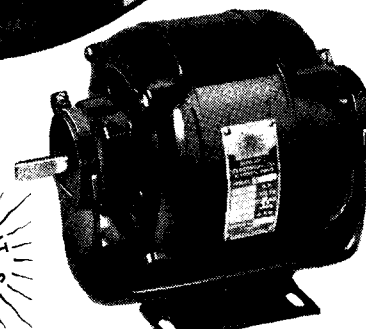
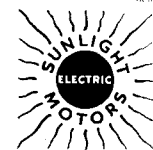
Dr. Nelson further ventured the astonishing opinion that there was no use in saving and conserving breeding stock if there was no place for the species to breed and rear its young. Just as ducks can't breed under improper conditions, conditions which nature demands they have; just as trout can't spawn in a dry creek bed—so wild life of all kinds must have

(Continued on page 54)

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RULES

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing of girl 5 inches high, on paper 6½ inches square. Draw only the girl, not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by Feb. 26th, 1936. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

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3-IN-ONE OIL

(Continued from page 53)

proper conditions if it is to live, laugh and be happy. Not that wild animals are temperamental. They are merely obeying the edicts of nature, and nature insists that wild life have proper forest cover, enough food, water and warmth.

They must be replaced if we are to save not only wild life, but to save and restore its natural habitat. This latter saving can be important to our own economic welfare. Soil erosion and dust storms can be prevented by sensible restoration of land to the condition it was in before being denuded by inefficient farming and by just plain neglect. Fish, a food supply for man, as old as history, can't live in polluted streams—and man must eat. Farm crops can be increased and improved, trout and other finny tidbits can be brought to our tables in greater number if we do a good job of renovating our fields and streams.

At present the federal government is beginning an extensive wild-life program which should within a few years have a tremendous effect on increase of game. Two fundamental requirements in the program are: (a) The studied regulation and restriction of shooting so as to keep the annual kill at a point well below annual production; (b) The restoration, as extensively as conditions will permit, of the natural habitat essential to the protection and production of wild life.

The first part of the program is simple enough and it is one which is pretty well in hand. It is the second which is so important. We have said that game can be raised as crops are raised. The difficulty is in knowing just what to raise and how to raise it.

A Maine or a Connecticut farmer, for instance, with extensive land holdings much of which are not capable of profitable cultivation, is naturally willing and anxious to raise game on the unproductive part of his land. In addition to being ornamental, game is a marketable commodity of considerable commercial value. A mink, remember, is money on four legs. The farmer's difficulty up to now has been his lack of knowledge as to the conditions under which wild life will flourish and his consequent inability to put his land into such condition as to be attractive to wild life.

The second part of the governmental program (a program which has the cooperation of the state game departments as well) concerns itself partly with getting such information to the individual landowner. The government agencies, of course, can take care of the present million acres which are federal preserves.

The Scientific Approach

In an effort to find out things about wild life which are not as yet known, nine state universities have offered their facilities to the state and federal agencies and have set up what amounts to bureaus of research. The colleges are Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Iowa State College, Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Connecticut State College, Oregon State Agricultural College, Utah State Agricultural College, Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, University of Maine and Ohio State University.

Students interested in wild life may register for courses in these institutions, but the courses, unlike most college courses in which the professor does the thinking and the student takes notes, will see the students doing most of the work. Each college has been given one major problem and several subsidiary problems to work out. Each college concerns itself primarily with problems indigenous to the surrounding country. A study of conditions which would prove favorable to an increase in fur-bearing animals, for instance, is of interest to the students at the University of Maine.

When the students there learn all that can be known about such conditions, a report will be issued and that report immediately sent to the other eight colleges, to all state game departments and through such departments to the general public.

It may seem fantastic that land can be changed, can be reborn so as to be useful, but that is just what the Biological Survey and its affiliated bodies insist can be done. In fact, it has in many cases been done already.

Pennsylvania Makes a Start

As an example of how the proper treatment of land will result in an immediate increase in wild life, consider the case of Pennsylvania. Some parts of Pennsylvania are heavily forested. Nature allowed the trees to grow so close together that a conifer canopy of mature timber was formed. This canopy of branches and leaves was so dense that it kept the sun from seeping through to the ground. So what? So there is little that can be grown without sun—little that will prove digestible to wild life. Intelligent logging operations in Pennsylvania thinned out this canopy and the sun broke through to give life to the ground. It wasn't long before shrubs and berry-producing bushes sprang into being. There were some deer there and now there was food for them. They took on a new lease of life and they multiplied rapidly. This season in Pennsylvania a great many more deer were born than were shot.

What is true of deer is equally true of elk or moose or the all-important fur-bearing animals, all-important because they are the backbone of a vast industry which employs thousands of men and women. There was a time when the beaver, otter, wolverine, mink, fox, raccoon, muskrat and marten were all over the country. The development of civilization and its progressive advance westward from the Atlantic seaboard with the consequent clearing of forest land for farms and the utilization of grass lands for grazing and agricultural purposes necessarily meant hard times for all wild life—including the fur bearers.

The fur bearers have done better than most but a return to conditions under which they originally lived would mean a great deal to them—and to the fur industry.

Obviously the restoration of ruined game ranges is a long-term project and long-term projects have always been very distasteful to politically-minded statesmen of whom there are a few—well, a great many—in the community known as Washington, D. C. The present administration has made a fine start toward a long-term program. If succeeding administrations do not hamper the work by refusing necessary annual appropriations, real results should be seen in a very few years.

In 1934 the President allocated \$8,500,000 for the acquisition and restoration of wild-life areas and in 1935 Congress furnished by direct appropriation \$6,000,000 for that specific purpose. With these funds the Biological Survey (which is, roughly speaking, the federal game department) has taken over about a million acres. The department calls for the acquisition of three million acres by 1940. Nearly all of this land must be restored—that is, water levels must be raised and both food and cover vegetation developed.

If the project now contemplated and now started is carried on to a successful termination there is no doubt that wild life in this country can be restored—not to the extent that Rogers and Clark saw and marveled at—but to an extent that it will become among other things a real factor in the economic life of this country.

Probable Alf Landon

Continued from page 11

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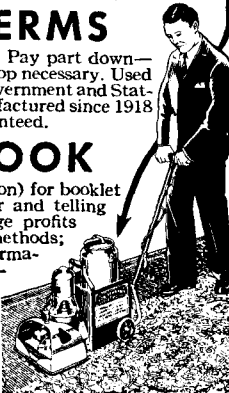
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number of citizens did not like the looks of the budget so drawn they could say so and the budget would have to be written all over again. This, Mr. Landon said without rancor, was merely to remind local rulers that the important side of the never-ending taxation wrangle is the taxpayer, and that while it takes a good man to pay taxes any fool can spend them.

Then it occurred to Mr. Landon that it might be possible for an agile budget writer to produce in his own shrewd way a budget which nobody else could understand and, not understanding the blessed thing, the average citizen might not know when to protest nor at what. So he fixed that with a uniform accounting system which each subdivision must adopt and expose to the public gaze as frankly as the pictures of Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Alf M. Landon on their office walls.

By these naïve measures, Mr. Landon caused Kansas' multitudinous budget to be balanced. And it is upon this feat that a great deal of the Landon ballyhoo will be based.

Now we have no desire to split a hair at this stage of our narrative, but we cannot dismiss the important topic of budget-balancing too casually. We shall not indulge in statistical demonstrations because they don't demonstrate much. But after you have spent an hour or so in the offices of the Kansas Legislative Council, which might without too much license be called Governor Landon's Brain Trust, you begin to suspect that liberal applications of federal moneys—FERA, CWA and PWA, to say nothing of WPA—made Mr. Landon's budget-balancing quite a bit easier. You might even suspect that without the \$30,000,000 the government gave Kansas in 1934 (exclusive of AAA checks to individual farmers, making tax collections possible) the state budget and the subdivision budgets never would have been balanced. It is true enough that very little if any federal money has been used for direct relief in Kansas, the 105 counties taking care of such succor. But those citizens who were depending on direct relief would have lost considerable weight and practically all their self-control if they had been obliged to get along on the paltry \$1,857,281.69 that the 105 counties doled out to them in 1934.

The Balancing Act

If you are downright unfriendly toward Mr. Landon you can say that he balanced his Kansas budget with federal money. But while technical truth would be on your side you would be a rather poor sport because, after all, he did balance Kansas' budget, didn't he?

It is not often that you stumble upon a potential candidate for nomination with whom you can find so little material fault. His record is so unblemished that it's dull. You could almost wish that the man had a few nasty little sins to haunt him and tint his personality.

His father, John M., was an oil man, a native of Mercer County, Pennsylvania, where the governor was born. Mother Landon was a Pennsylvania Mossman, Pennsylvania Dutch, bless her heart. John M. Landon drilled holes in the ground in Pennsylvania, Ohio and eventually Kansas, and when he found oil in these drillings he sold it to the nearest pipe line and became quite prosperous doing it.

He tried to make a lawyer out of Alfred, but although the future governor studied law at the University of Kansas

he refused to practice. There was, in a manner of speaking, oil in his veins. So he too became an oil man—an independent one like his father. He affiliated with none of the great oil corporations, which may be quite fortunate for him politically. He merely drilled for wells and sold what oil he found to the nearest pipe-line company. And he too became reasonably rich. He probably isn't a millionaire but he is far from poor. He is the kind that wouldn't be poor anyway—a man of locally celebrated frugality. So there is no corporation-wealth taint in his record.

He is a member of the American Legion, having served as first lieutenant in the Chemical Warfare Service. His brother Legionnaires have tried without noticeable success to find out what he would do about the Veterans bonus were he President of the United States.

According to Precedent

We happened to discover the answer although we can't tell you how. He would do precisely what Franklin Roosevelt has done. In fact, he would stand for quite a number of things that Franklin Roosevelt stands for. He would abolish child labor by federal constitutional amendment. He likes the federal administration's Social Security legislation. He would not fight Senator Wagner's Labor bill nor take serious exception to Senator Guffey's coal regulation ideas. He is for AAA subsidies to farmers and, while decidedly opposed to inflation, doesn't join Messrs. Hoover, Mills and Fletcher when they sob broken-heartedly over the debauched dollar. Banking reform? He's for that, although nobody (including himself) knows whether his heart is with Carter Glass or Mr. Mariner Eccles of the Federal Reserve System. And so on.

He learned his way about Kansas' political maze by serving as Republican State Chairman for a year or two and managing the successful campaign of The Honorable Clyde Reed for governor. Also for a few weeks he was secretary to a governor—The Honorable and ubiquitous Henry Allen. But this is the only elective office he has ever held. He is also exceedingly fond of squash pie and loves to read encyclopedias. He is married and is the father of three startlingly beautiful children.

Let's see. Let's see. What else is there about this sober gentleman who is going to cut quite a caper at the Republican convention? We've said that he's the sort of fellow who presses his pants by sitting on them—while wearing them. Or haven't we? And we've told you that he is prepared to lose a lot of interest in the presidential campaign of 1936 if his party nominates an Easterner or Mr. Hoover. In that event he will be much too busy preparing to run for the United States Senate in 1938, when Democratic Senator McGill's term will have expired. At any rate you know it now.

He has lots of admirers who just can't bring themselves to believe that the next President will be a Kansan. We met one of them wandering around the dreary State House at Topeka.

"I just dropped in," he said, "to see Alf M. Landon. Nothing important. Nothing important. Just figured to tell Alf M. Landon something I've known a good many years. I heard Alf was thinking of being President if the people wanted him. Well, all I got to say to him is, maybe he'd better stay home. If you never leave home you don't have so darned far to come back."

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C. E. Brooks Inventor

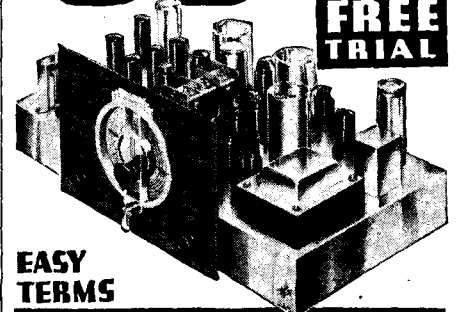
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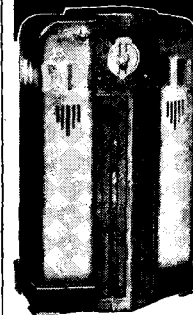
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Fighting Blood

Continued from page 24

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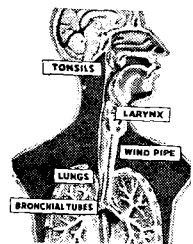
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PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

Ali. "A first-born son? There is no market today."

"Not a feast, Tuan. It is the cock-fighting."

Malays are great cockfighters. But wasn't Ali going, an old gambler like Ali?

He made a gesture of disdain. "The birds are young, Tuan, and heavy. Nothing to see, not like the mains that I remember."

Ah, of course! A poorer world in many ways.

"Tuan, these are merchants' birds." An old fighting man could say nothing worse about them. He drew back my chair and stood behind it when I was seated. There was venison that day, stewed with rice, a few drops of arrack to bring out the flavor. A pity Andrews was gone! This was his favorite dish.

AS FOR me, I ate with a poor appetite. Halfway through lunch, a slight sound from Ali made me turn my head. "Someone is coming," he said, watching the edge of the jungle. He had very sharp ears. A moment, then, "Alone, Tuan, and in all haste."

In Korinchi we grew accustomed to such hurried visitors. Almost at once the man burst into the clearing and raced toward us. He was nearly spent, from the way his chest heaved, and his eyes rolled wildly. We gave him water and he took it in great gulps, half sobbing. "From Gat Kalor!" he gasped. "Which lies in ruins. Tuan, they fell upon us like demons out of the jungle!"

No need to ask who it was. But Gat Kalor was on our side of the river, and ten miles downstream from the ford. Anywhere near that village the river ran swift, over rocks as sharp as a knife. Ali read my thoughts. "With the patrols behind him," he said, "the old Rajah might venture. As well death in the stream as by the rifles of the Tuan's guards. Of five rafts of bamboo, two might cross the stream, perhaps three. Not more than three."

"How many men with the old Rajah?" I asked the messenger. He was getting his breath a little.

"Some twenty, Tuan. They only slew, not staying to plunder. For a little while I heard them behind me as I ran."

I blinked at the man, confounded by the sheer boldness of Alrah's stroke. Coming here? But that was like the Gamecock! As if he had known Andrews was off with our last twenty men, had known even the way that Andrews took to the ford. It was a coincidence that Whisky chose that moment to stand on tiptoe, flap his tough, bright wings and crow in the eye of the sun. I saw Ali looking at him.

But there was much to do, in little time. Malay villages are not built to stand a siege. Alrah had us at his mercy. I sent the houseboy pelting off to recall Andrews and his men. Without rest, the man from Gat Kalor could go no farther, and I told Ali to go and warn the villagers. If they hurried, and if Alrah paused at the bungalow, they could make their escape. The old man grunted. "Tuan, they will surely hurry, wailing for their lost wares as they go!"

He stalked off to give the alarm. In a little while I heard an outcry go up from the palm-thatched native houses. The people poured out and went streaming off in all directions, with such belongings as they could carry. Ali came back, with three baskets on a pole over his shoulder, as if he had been doing a little quiet pilfering. His very walk betrayed excitement. I have to record

that Ali seemed to be enjoying the day a great deal more than I was. At the foot of the steps he put the baskets down. "The Tuan stays here?" he said.

It was a statement, rather than a question. I nodded, feeling the brief moments rushing over us. But Ali was in no hurry. He struck his foot against one of the baskets, and something stirred inside it. "For two to make a stand against twenty," my servant said, "is brave, but hopeless." The man from Gat Kalor crouched on the bottom step and spasms of weariness twitched at his muscles. Ali ignored him. "Since we must die," he said, "better to die like free men, unafraid. It is the Tuan's will?"

Since there was no other choice, yes! The Tuan was afraid to the marrow of his bones, but he strove to make his voice casual. "What is in the baskets? Something to preserve a man from his foes?"

Well, fighting cocks! That was what Ali had chosen to loot from the abandoned village. There were three birds; two of them heavy, he said discontentedly, but no others could be had. See, Ali would place my chair in the yard, where the ground was bare and trodden. The man from Gat Kalor would handle the merchants' birds. Ali himself picked up Whisky with a deft swoop of his arm. The old man's eyes were as bright as the bird's. "Tuan, when the Rajah is upon us, remember, not a movement! Do not so much as glance at him!"

There was no time to hesitate or raise objections. I followed Ali into the yard, aware of a certain crazy grandeur in what he proposed. In a moment, too, I saw a glimmer of reason at the back of it, a desperately narrow chance. Even the man from Gat Kalor stared, with the beginning of a wild hope. Ali gave him his instructions. We took our places. I was reckoning how soon the houseboy could come up with Andrews. He was young and a good runner. As for us, we waited.

WE WAITED, like graven images. At my left hand crouched Ali, holding Whisky, who resented it furiously. At my right, the man from Gat Kalor had taken a young gamecock from a basket and was feeling its spurs. Both he and Ali were curiously intent on their birds. We waited, and time merely crept now. It surprised me to find that I had put a cheroot in my mouth and was smoking. The sun beat down on my pith helmet, but I never felt it. The feathers on Whisky's neck were ruffled out in a wide and angry collar. The younger bird was much more quiet. Then, without turning his head, Ali sucked in his breath sharply. "They are coming! Look only at the birds!" I looked until I could feel my eyes starting out. The man from Gat Kalor flinched a little and Ali cursed him in a thin whisper. We waited.

The path from Gat Kalor opened into the clearing opposite where I sat. A rushing, pattering sound came near enough for even my ears to hear it. It grew louder, like a rolling of drums beginning very faintly but beaten ever harder. I heard branches rustle and twigs crack, then voices. Figures moved swiftly among the last of the undergrowth, twenty yards from us. Ali said, "Now!" with a sort of jerk to the word.

He and the other man shuffled forward, still squatting, with their birds held at arm's length in front of them. The angry heads touched, and the

younger gamecock swelled and pecked at Whisky. A grunt from Ali and both birds were on the ground, craning together for what seemed a little eternity. They did not look up, certainly, when the shadows of the raiding party fell across the main. And we watched the birds. The newcomers drew near, you might have thought, respectfully, as if this had been a rite they held in honor. The Malay is a devotee of cockfighting, as is well-known. But that assurance pounded in my brain with the ring of mockery. It was all that stood between us and the knives of Alrah's men.

A blur of bright feathers, the noise of hard wings beating one against another and the gamecocks were apart again. They sparred stiffly and rose breast to breast, striking with their spurs. Then, in an instant, Whisky flew up his own height above the younger bird, struck as a man strikes with a dagger, and reached the brain. Ali caught him as the young cock staggered blindly and fell. The man from Gat Kalor reached into the second basket, sweeping the dead bird to one side.

THIS time it was a still larger bird, one that seemed cowed at the beginning. The fight was long and ragged, and before it was done both birds were bleeding. The big fellow trailed a broken wing, and Whisky was cut in the breast. It was easy enough now to watch only the birds. They were fascinating. To sit in the midst of one's assassins is a tingling sensation, and I recommend it to those who find life uniformly dull and disappointing. But for sheer, absorbing interest, it cannot compare with a cockfight.

The man from Gat Kalor had put aside his terror of half an hour ago. He glared and muttered savagely when his bird went down, still striking, with Whisky's spur in its throat. The ring of onlookers stirred, but not a man spoke or, I think, even looked at his neighbor. The last gamecock came out of its basket, much lighter in weight than the others, hardly bigger than Whisky himself. Its feathers were as red as fire, and it struggled in its handler's grasp. The man took a firmer grip, and his face showed a sort of exultation. The shadows of the watchers crept together as they leaned forward, and I heard one rifle rattle against another. But I had eyes for nothing but the birds.

It was Whisky I watched. He was little and old and hurt. Twice already he had killed a heavier and stronger bird. The dust and blood of those fights were upon him. Ali held him tenderly, and the third main was long in beginning. The two handlers watched each other angrily, as if suspecting foul play. With their free hands they smoothed the torn earth. Inarticulate grumblings came from their throats. I could have cried out to them to have done, to let the fight begin. And yet, those lagging moments were fateful for us all. Whisky had to do our fighting until Andrews came. A last movement of the handlers, a clashing of the bright, tiny heads together, and the birds flew at one another. They met in mid-air and the noise of their wings was painfully loud in that dead quiet. I remember that Ali's hand stayed outstretched just as when it had last held Whisky. I noted that mechanically, out of the tail of my eye. Ali could hardly have known it himself.

They were nothing but a whirl of hard bodies, and the dust flew up about them. Torn feathers littered the ground, and the dark drops were blood. A brown

hand gripped the arm of my chair as a man leaned far forward to watch. I do not know how long the fight lasted. In a moment's lull we saw that Whisky was trailing a leg. The red cock was beaten and torn. But they flew up, breast to breast, as fiercely as at first, neither of them able to get above the other. On the ground, the red cock had the advantage. As if he had known that, Whisky fought on the wing, forcing the younger bird up to meet him. Once the red one went down, half stunned, but fluttered beyond reach of the stroke that would have finished him. In a moment he was back and the furious struggle went on.

Nothing else was half so important as the outcome of that fight. I remember with what astonishment and anger I looked up when a man stumbled and fell, almost on top of the gamecocks. He lay with his face in the dust, and his body twitched and then was still. I saw in slow wonder that others dropped, with a hand to throat or head. The rattle and banging in my ears was rifle fire. Someone—Ali—jerked me out of my chair and flat on the earth. The clearing was full of trampling feet and wild yells. A heavy body dropped on top of me and lay where it fell. I heard Andrews shouting an order. Of what happened for a little while after that I remember nothing at all.

ANDREWS nodded when I told him about that. "You can write the report he's been asking for now! But it was a near thing. If any of them had looked up when we came out of the trail— But they didn't, though we made noise enough. Uncanny, the way they ignored us!"

I held my peace, being ashamed to let Andrews know that I had heard nothing myself. He had brought his men back at a killing pace, in that heat. His whole body trembled with weariness. It was late in the evening, but neither of

us mentioned going to bed. In the village they were holding a great feast. "Shall we stroll down and watch them?" Andrews suggested. "I'll admit, I don't feel like sitting still."

No more did I. Yet, for a time, we did not move from our chairs. I was trying to convince myself that my vast weariness was purely physical, that it had nothing of disenchantment in it. Out of his corner of the darkness, Andrews said, "He must have died instantly. He had turned to face us, too. The bullet went through his heart."

I had been oddly reluctant to ask about the old Rajah. But now I said, "None of them got away?"

"Not a man!" The spark of Andrews' pipe-bowl moved a little. He shifted restlessly where he sat. "Damn those villagers and their row! What reason have they got for a feast?"

"Oh, it was a great victory! Sir Edward would back them up in that. You and I are romantics, young Andrews, in a hard-headed world. No one else would bother about a man like Alrah now." I stood up. "Sir Edward will be writing to commend us. We may as well get used to it. We can begin with the feast in the village. What price the victor's crown?"

No one troubled about Alrah now. But on our way we came upon a dark figure seated cross-legged on the ground, its shoulders drooping. Just in that place I had sat a few hours ago to watch the cockfighting. Andrews swung his lantern, and it was Ali. He paid no heed to us. About him in the circle of light a smaller figure stepped stiffly, truculently—the red gamecock. In the crook of his withered arm the old fighting man held Whisky's torn body. He was stroking it gently, as if mourning for all that had ever had his true allegiance, for a loss that was his own and his people's. But we went past in silence, and on toward the feast.



I've just seen 25th Century Magic

by **Graham McNamee**
Ace Radio and Sports Commentator

I HAVE SEEN amazing feats of skill in my years as a radio reporter and sports announcer—but I've just witnessed the most remarkable demonstration of skill and accuracy I ever laid eyes on!

The other day I made an inspection trip through the Gillette factory in Boston where Gillette blades are produced. Here is a house of magic if there ever was one! The equipment there is as amazing—as bewildering—as the mechanical wonders you'd expect to see 500 years from now.

These Gillette machines are so accurate, so finely adjusted that they turn out shaving edges which are actually *invisible*—edges measuring about 1/80,000 of an inch in thickness! It takes sheer magic to measure edges as fine as these. And that's why they use an exclusive "magical" device called the "photo-electric eye" in which a beam of light gauges sharpness with amazing accuracy.



But there are more wonders—more 25th-Century instruments—designed to make the finest razor blade that modern science and superlative skill can produce.

Can you imagine a hardening furnace room as cool and immaculate as an office . . . four-ton blade sharpeners adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch . . . microscopes that magnify an object 3,000 times . . . hardness testers that use diamonds, real square cut diamonds . . . an X-ray-like machine that "sees" through steel . . . abrasives as fine as cake flour!

With all this amazing scientific equipment . . . this painstaking craftsmanship . . . this superhuman accuracy, I just don't see how Gillette blades could possibly be equalled for downright shaving comfort. In fact, if all men could see what I've just seen, I feel sure they'd always say "Gillette" when they ask for razor blades.

With facts like these before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

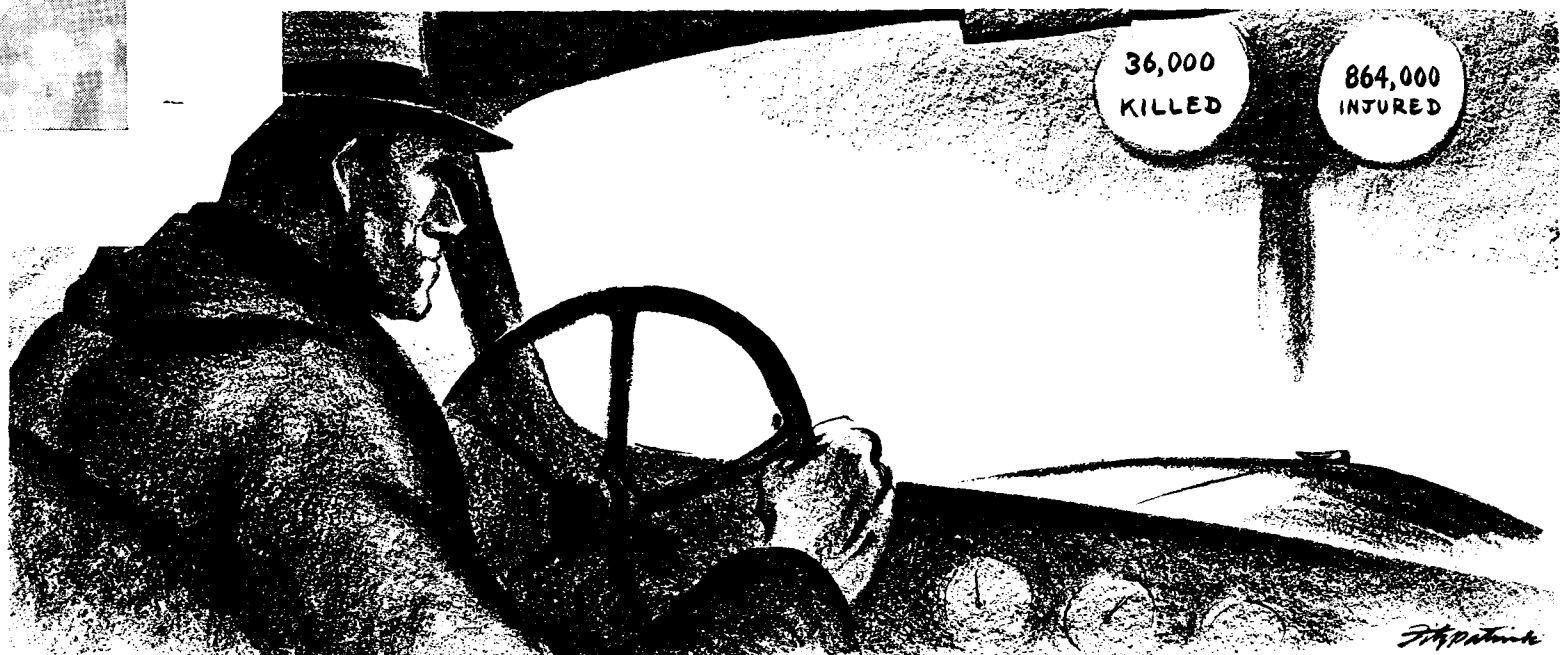
Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By **FRANK OWEN**



"I see! It's the tradition of the sea. Captains don't leave their ships even if supper's getting cold!"



Fools on Wheels

SUPPOSE the railroads or the steamship companies or any other group of corporations killed 36,000 people and injured 864,000 in a single year. Suppose, also, that the chief cause of all this death and injury was plain human carelessness. Can you imagine the political passion which would be aroused against the guilty? Can you picture the denunciations and the oratory and the general fury?

Last year 36,000 people were killed in motorcar accidents in this country. Automobiles injured 864,000 others. Carelessness was the cause of this horrible toll. But we can't shift the blame to corporations or any other scapegoat. Motorists and pedestrians were responsible.

So there is no hue and cry over these tragedies from politicians or demagogues or editors or radio orators. Individual drivers caused the carnage and destruction. Individual drivers are citizens and voters, readers or listeners. It butters no politician's turnips to denounce the voters, and editors and orators don't quarrel with audiences.

So we submit to the greatest man-made destruction of limb and life ever recorded outside of war. So far as we Americans are concerned, not even war has inflicted so heavy a toll.

Worse still, we seem to be making very little headway in our efforts to reduce the number of deaths and injuries. According to the Travelers Insurance Company the number killed in 1935, 36,000, was approximately the same as in 1934. The record was actually worse last year for the reason that the rate of death per accident increased nearly 7 per cent. We had fewer but worse accidents in 1935.

Driving errors were involved in two thirds of the 828,000 accidents reported. Careless driving killed 24,000 people. So far as the facts show, the terrific tragedies of previous years taught us very little. Apparently more carelessness was exhibited last year than ever before.

Excessive speed was a factor but not by any means the most important factor, according to the analysis made by the insurance experts. Actually, just 23 per cent of accidents assigned to driving errors were due to "exceeding the speed limit." Fast driving however, was the cause of the killing of 7,300 people, or 31 per cent of fatalities resulting from improper motoring practices, last year.

Other bad driving practices took an even larger toll. For example, 7,400 people were killed in accidents in which operators drove on the wrong side of the road and failed to grant the right-of-way. Cars driven off the roadway killed 3,500 people. Reckless driving explained 3,100 deaths. Dangerous driving practices were involved in 560,000 out of 864,000 nonfatal accidents.

These huge totals of death and injury merely emphasize what everyone who uses the public roads knows from personal observation. The truth is that a large proportion of motorists constantly drive in a manner which jeopardizes their own safety and menaces the lives and safety of all others who use the road.

In the years past, numerous experiments in safe traffic control have been undertaken and abandoned. First we had laws and ordinances which established ridiculously low speed limits. These limits were ignored because they were ridiculous. Most of these ancient laws and ordinances have been repealed or tacitly ignored by enforcement authorities.

Later, engineers rather than the police were entrusted with the responsibility of making motor traffic safe. Splendid highways were built and in congested regions intelligent plans eliminated many of the turnings and crossing so fertile in accidents. Improved crossings and better roads were a great contribution to safety but they have not solved the problem.

A fool or a criminal or merely a reckless and inconsiderate person at the wheel of the

best car on the finest road is still a potential maimer and killer of innocent people. Unenforceable laws are useless and the best engineering design is not enough. Responsibility for safe operation of a motorcar finally rests on the individual driver.

Thirty-five years ago railroad accidents were so numerous that Congress and the state legislatures were moved to enact drastic laws. Within these years the railroads waged a successful campaign. In 1933 the number of people killed by railroads was less than half the number recorded in 1904. In 1933 just 38 passengers were killed in train accidents.

The railroads won this measure of safety by improving equipment and establishing better signal systems, but most of all by rigid discipline. If locomotive engineers operated as recklessly as some motorists, railway transportation would be swiftly destroyed. As conditions exist, the railway man who becomes involved in a preventable accident loses his job. So accidents are not taken lightly.

We must establish some similarly effectual discipline for motorists. It is silly to wait until a reckless driver has killed someone before depriving him of his license. Much sharper inspection of driving practices must be established and those whose road habits clearly are a source of danger must be prohibited the use of the road.

The motorist is not the only reckless user of the roads. Pedestrians have their share of responsibility. In fact the figures indicate that at least half of the adult pedestrians killed in automobile accidents failed to exercise due care.

Reckless pedestrians and reckless motorists alike are responsible. The motorcar is an indispensable tool of our civilization but we have not learned how to use it without incurring incalculable losses in life, health and property. The present waste is tragic and intolerable. It will not be allowed to continue.



“It’s pause time...Mother”
(*the pause that refreshes*)



COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Of course ice-cold Coca-Cola is important for your home...because the idea behind it is important. It’s *the pause that refreshes*, tempting you to relax and rest a moment. You react to the tingling life and sparkle of this wholesome, delicious refreshment...the drink that keeps you feeling fit.

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RAY NOBLE
and His Orchestra
~The kind of music
youthful people go for.
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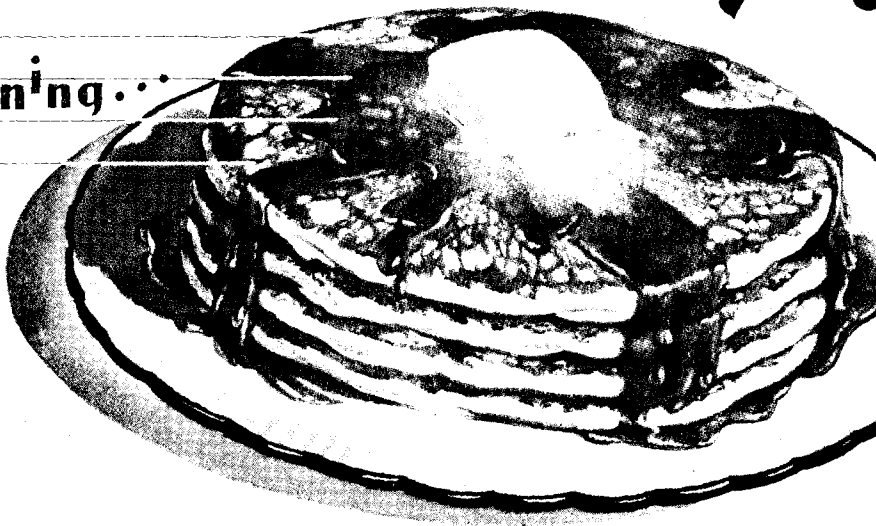




Morn-ing, noon and night...

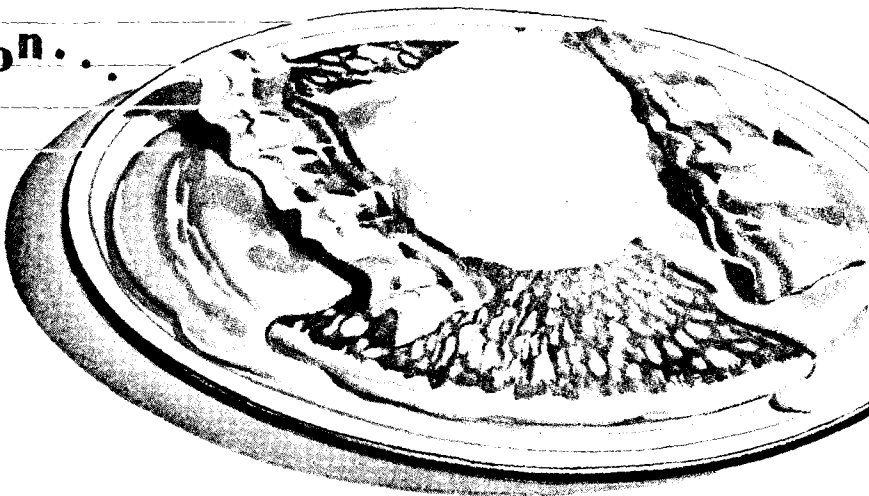
The all-day song of pancakes!

morning...



when seconds are precious—prepare the great American breakfast, in less time than it takes to make a pot of coffee! Simply add water or milk to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour, and stir your batter. By that time the griddle's hot . . . and in about three minutes more you have a breakfast that cheers up the whole family—light, tender pancakes, covered with butter and syrup. And they'll be *truly* light and tender, too—for there's a special blend of unusually soft, fine flours in Pillsbury's Pancake Flour. The result is the finest pancakes you've ever tasted!

noon...

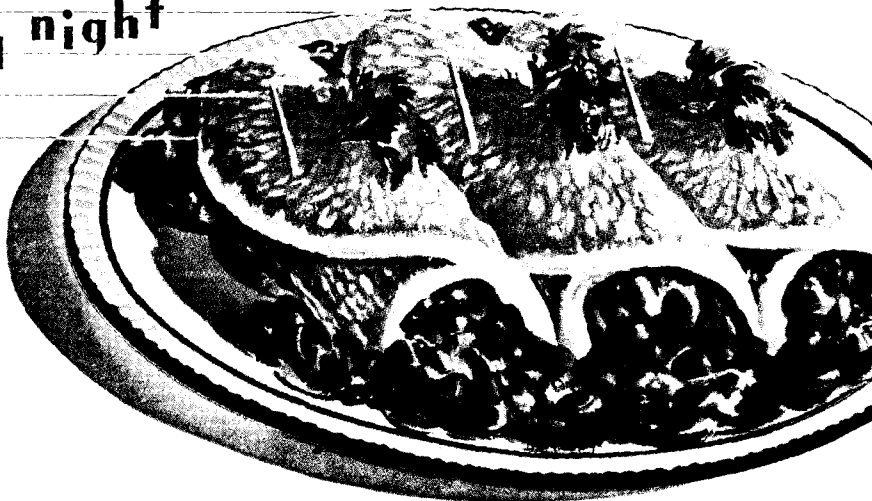


when guests are on the way, and you want to open their eyes wide, without opening your purse more than just a little bit, give them this new combination of foods that everybody likes:

TREASURE ISLANDS

Make the same light, tender, fluffy pancakes out of Pillsbury's Pancake Flour; make them about six inches in diameter. Place one pancake on each plate; put a poached egg on top; cover with Cheese Sauce (American cheese grated into a simple white sauce); garnish with crisp bacon slices.

and night



and for Sunday supper, after working and studying all week, the family's entitled to something a little extra-special—but something inexpensive and easy to make—so give them . . .

CHILI PANCAKES

Bake PILLSBURY'S PANCAKES as usual, allowing $\frac{1}{3}$ cup batter for each. Spread freshly baked pancakes with hot Chili Con Carne (canned or home-made); roll up. Serve warm. Remember, they'll be lighter, more tender, more delicious because of the special blend of soft wheat flours you find in the Pillsbury's Pancake Flour package!

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour



AT YOUR GROCER'S